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AMERICAN GIRL

September

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The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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SEPTEMBER COVER GIRL

Marla Judge, our September cover girl, has twinkling blue eyes and a captivating smile. Here she is wearing a St. Mary's coat of wool fleece. It fastens with three silver-trimmed buttons. The pointed shawl collar, underlined in velvet, dips down to a stitched sunburst yoke in back with three full flares. Yoke treatment is repeated in front. Sleeves have adjustable cuffs. In royal blue, French blue, red, green, copper, and gold. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$45, at the stores on page 69. Matching hat, about \$6. Bag by Pyramid, jewelry by Ben Berchman, gloves by Wear Right, lipstick by Cutex.

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

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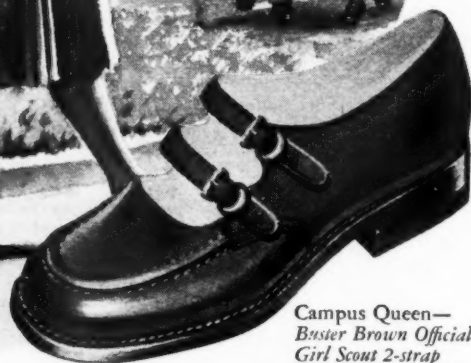


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by MARJORIE VETTER

The Rowleys of Robin Road. by JOAN BECHMAN. Whittlesey House. \$2.50.

Conditions which would be utter misery in real life—no money, a broken-down old house with barely adequate furnishings, a scanty supply of rationed food—make fascinating reading as met by a family of gay, resourceful, and courageous young people in this book. The death of their grandmother had left the Rowleys—Eileen, twenty; Juliet, eighteen; Connie, twelve; and Danny, nine—on their own. Determined to remain together, they were off in their old Model A for the house in the mountains they had inherited, before their grandmother's friend—away on a visit—could clap them into foster homes. The house could hardly have been more discouraging. Broken-down, in need of paint, it had only its superb mountain view in its favor. But the Rowleys were in the mood to make a home of any shelter. "What's a little money?" Eileen said. "What's a little electricity, a little plumbing, a roof that doesn't leak? I think life would be very dull if the Rowleys got rich." Certainly life never was dull at Rowleys' Roost, as they called the old house. Eileen got a part-time job which gave them a minimum of cash to go on. It was summer so they didn't need heat, and they could plant a garden to help out with the food problem. All four of them worked with a will—repairing, building, scrubbing, tending the garden. They were together; they had their prized independence; neighbors were friendly; and life would have been good except for the constant worry that they would not be able to make a go of it, especially with the added problems of the approaching winter. That was why Connie was so desperate to earn some money to pay a mining expert to value the old mine she discovered on their property. You will be surprised at the family vote on what to do about Connie's discovery. Perhaps only the Rowleys would solve their problem in such an unusual and satisfactory way.

Slipper Under Glass. by LEE WYNDHAM. Longmans, Green & Company. \$2.50. For seven happy years of hard work and increasing interest and delight, Maggie Jones had been studying ballet. Beside her fellow student, lovely fragile Gabrielle Delacroix, Maggie sometimes felt large and earthbound and clumsy. Every now and then she was tortured by the idea that perhaps she was as lacking in talent and as commonplace as her name implied. For who ever heard of a ballerina named Maggie Jones? Maggie's lessons, scores of dainty costumes, dozens of ballet shoes, her beloved talisman—a slipper of Pavlova's which she kept carefully under glass—and other rare and exotic gifts came to her from her fabulous great-aunt Jo, an extremely wealthy widow, who spent her



Karen Westervelt of Charleston, South Carolina had the time of her life shooting her prize-winning photo for the SYLVANIA SUPERFLASH "Pets are Fun" Contest. And Karen won a Stereo Realist Camera with Flash Attachment and Viewer for her effort.

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time traveling about the world. Aunt Jo expected to enjoy through her great-niece the yearned-for triumphs as a ballerina of which her conservative upbringing had deprived her. Maggie was willing to work hard and to devote herself completely to ballet—so completely that her father complained to his wife, "Mary, I wish you'd do something about your daughter! I'd like a normal, sensible girl about the house instead of this crazy ballet-struck creature." Her high school beau, faithful Kirk Sherwood, was frankly bewildered by her intensity; and her small brother Bradley, with his impish sense of humor, found her posturing and dramatizing of herself an easy target for his jibes. Maggie was willing to give her all to the ballet, but was it enough? Though there was no immediate prospect of an eventual *ballerina assoluta* role, Maggie's future held a surprising and certainly an undreamed-of opportunity. You will find Bradley amusing, Mother and Father Jones natural and appealing, faithful Kirk highly satisfactory. And of course all students and lovers of the ballet will enjoy the details of Maggie's training.

Choosing the Right College. By ANNETTE TURNER. *Harper & Brothers*, \$2.50. What to do about college—to go or not to go; which college to choose; what it will cost and what, if anything, you yourself can do to defray expenses; how to behave when you get there—is certainly a problem you begin to take seriously in high school. This book has grown out of the questions boys and girls of your age group have put to the author as teacher and editor of teen-age magazines, and you will find it tells you the things you want to know in frank, authoritative, and readable style. Beginning with a discussion of what college offers you and what it requires from you, the author considers the cost and ways of meeting it; personal and practical reasons for preferring one college to another; how to rate the college of your choice; how to get admitted; the university; colleges for women only; the junior college; special colleges; and, in case you already know what you want to do with your life, which college is best for your career; and how to behave on campus. Here then is all the information you want about college in brief, easy-to-read form.

What's Your P.Q.? (Personality Quotient) By MAUREEN DALY. *Dodd, Mead & Company*, \$2.50. This book is yours—about you and for you. Its author is Maureen Daly, author of "Seventeenth Summer," "Smarter and Smoother," and Sub-Deb Editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal." If you have read any of her articles you know how well she understands your problems, hopes, and aspirations. She seems to know just what you worry about and dream about. And why not? She has had a close association with young people ever since her own teens when she wrote the first syndicated column for teen-agers. She answers your problems thoughtfully, honestly, and understandingly, and writes with gaiety, zest, and humor. The book is divided into seven sections: You and Your Personality, You and Your Date Doings, You and Your Moods, You and Your Life, You and Boys, You and Your Problems, You and Party Planning, with a quiz at the end by which you may rate yourself and note places for improvement. Problems are presented and sound advice given through letters from readers of the author's columns, dramatiza-

tions, dialogue, quizzes, lists of do's and don'ts, sketches, and a variety of other entertaining ways. If you are worried because you seem to "shut up like a clam" at a party or want to know ten ways to get a date or how to get on with your family or any of hundreds of other teen-age problems you will find good reading here.

Teen-Age Fiction Stories. By RICHARD M. ELAM, JR. *Lantern Press*, \$2.50. Now that man can split the atom, traverse the skies at supersonic speed, cruise indefinitely fathoms below the surface of the sea, the stories of Jules Verne, which thrilled readers as fantastic a century ago, have been surpassed by reality. What marvels will the next century hold to outstrip the science fiction writers of today? The tales Columbus told about his voyage to a new world beyond the western ocean inhabited by strange red-skinned men can have seemed no more incredible than the story of a trip to another planet would be to us today. Are we, as Captain Burr Leyson says in his introduction to this book, even now "breaking a trail to the stars"? Such ideas fire the imagination and make fascinating reading. The eleven thrilling stories of time and space which make up this book are by the same author. Some of them are pure fantasy but others are built around a framework of established scientific fact. Several of them are about Captain Grant Allison and his younger brother, Rob, space navigators. Are you interested in a trip to the moon or a jaunt to Jupiter? Here you are, and happy landings!

THE END

Grania of Castle O'Hara. By PATRICIA LYNCH. *L. C. Page and Company*, \$2.50. If you could paint a golden apple tree so fair that bank manager Donnellan offered you the best box of paints in Dromard, you wouldn't be wanting to be apprenticed to a dressmaker, now would you? As long as Grania O'Hara could remember she had been painting and drawing on scraps of paper and bits of cardboard. Ever since she was a wee child she had lived with her Aunt Bridgie and Uncle Chris in Dromard, with never a word of any other relations at all. Aunt Bridgie was bent on making a lady dressmaker of her niece, but on the very day Grania was to put by her paints to take up her needle along came a young lad, saying, "I'm Desmond Burke and I have come to take Grania to her mother at Castle O'Hara." Beyond the treacherous, bottomless High Bog lay Castle O'Hara, home of the Wild O'Haras, the family Grania's gentle mother Eileen had married into. Life was strange in the ancient castle on the mountain, with the proud and violent O'Haras feuding and fighting among themselves and with the neighbors. This is the story of what happened to Grania at Castle O'Hara and what her coming meant to the family there. Miss Lynch has created warm Irish characters and a bewitching other-world atmosphere in the castle beyond the wicked bog. She tells a good story with a lilt of Irish speech.

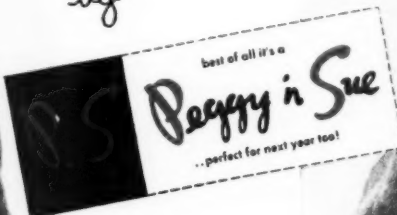
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How are you going to know?

by ELIZABETH G. SEIBERT

**What a person is really
like until he's had
a chance to show you?**

With Romey's skinny knees digging into her hip
Megs felt her problems dwarfed

THE RADIO in Helen Robbins' office at the children's clinic grumbled with static and the voice of the announcer warned: "Tropical storm of hurricane intensity now centered seventy miles west of Buttonwood Harbor and moving eastward at the rate of twelve miles per hour."

Megs Applegate glanced apprehensively out of the window where a lowering sky hung over a gale-lashed gulf. In a mood that matched the weather she was thinking of Hugh and his mother and the summer just past.


It had been through Hugh that Megs had got her summer job under charming, wonder-working Helen. Or really through Hugh's mother, which was almost the same—and yet not at all the same.

It all went back to the day high school vacation began, and Megs had had a

chance to crew in the yacht-club regatta. She had thought that perhaps she ought to buckle down and help Aunt Hat in her multifarious tasks as proprietor of Hat's Tourist Home; but good-natured Aunt Hat—mop, broom, and paintbrush in hand—had pushed her forth with a smile of benediction. And so Megs had sailed all the long, sparkling-blue Florida day and had met Hugh Gresham, racing his handsome little catboat, *Scat*.

She and Hugh had clicked—like *that*—and he had run her home in his funny, slick, little English car, and they had talked about sailing, and Gershwin, and gas engines, and ghost stories, and had made a sailing date for next day—a date which soon had settled into a permanent one.

Each day Megs would help Aunt Hat and then off she would go a-sailing,



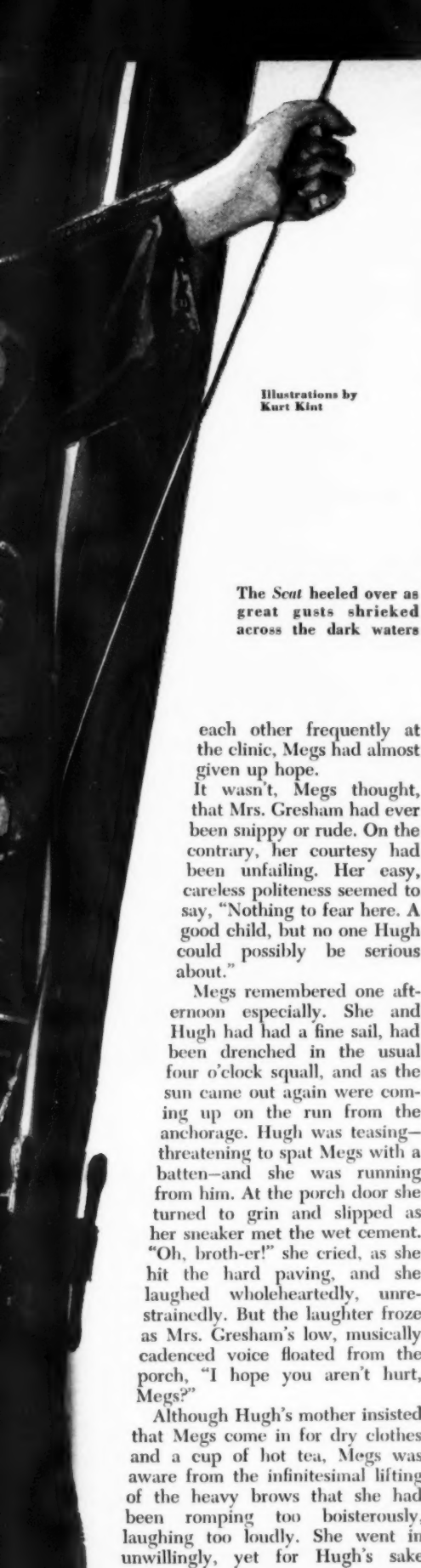
often as not ending up at Hugh's mother's house, which lay long and low and serene among the live oaks on an estate which ran from the rolling blue Gulf of Mexico in the front to the sheltered bayou anchorage in the rear.

Hugh's mother was staying down that summer to oversee some additions to her stables, and each afternoon as Meg and Hugh came up from the *Scat's* anchorage, they would join her for a few minutes on the great screened porch that looked out past palms and bright-colored hibiscus to the crystal-blue gulf.

From the first Megs had been in awe of Hugh's accomplished mother, who rode out and sailed and piloted her own plane, and had

organized the famous Buttonwood Harbor Children's Clinic with Helen Robbins from the Warm Springs Foundation in charge. But because Mrs. Gresham had the same dark eyes under heavy brows and the same mobile, humorous mouth as Hugh, Megs hoped that as soon as they were really acquainted they would be friends. Yet, as June slid into July, a coolness, a certain remoteness, persisted in Mrs. Gresham's manner.

Now in September, with Hugh (long-limbed, teasing Hugh) enlisted in the Navy and far away at the Newport base, Megs admitted that she and Hugh's mother had not become better acquainted at all; and although, even with Hugh gone, they saw



Illustrations by
Kurt Klint

The *Scat* heeled over as
great gusts shrieked
across the dark waters

each other frequently at the clinic, Megs had almost given up hope.

It wasn't, Megs thought, that Mrs. Gresham had ever been snippy or rude. On the contrary, her courtesy had been unfailing. Her easy, careless politeness seemed to say, "Nothing to fear here. A good child, but no one Hugh could possibly be serious about."

Megs remembered one afternoon especially. She and Hugh had had a fine sail, had been drenched in the usual four o'clock squall, and as the sun came out again were coming up on the run from the anchorage. Hugh was teasing—threatening to spat Megs with a batten—and she was running from him. At the porch door she turned to grin and slipped as her sneaker met the wet cement. "Oh, broth-er!" she cried, as she hit the hard paving, and she laughed wholeheartedly, unrestrainedly. But the laughter froze as Mrs. Gresham's low, musically cadenced voice floated from the porch, "I hope you aren't hurt, Megs?"

Although Hugh's mother insisted that Megs come in for dry clothes and a cup of hot tea, Megs was aware from the infinitesimal lifting of the heavy brows that she had been romping too boisterously, laughing too loudly. She went in unwillingly, yet for Hugh's sake

pretended to be at ease, sitting decorously in unconscious imitation of Mrs. Gresham's posture.

She had been pretty sure of herself on that tea business. She even knew what to do with those floppy slices of thin bread and butter. And when Hugh's mother said, "Do you like China tea, Megs?" she had said, "Yes, thank you, with cream and sugar, please."

But something had been wrong, for Mrs. Gresham paused for a moment, just a fraction of a moment, before she rang for Parsons to bring cream. It was several days later and after many ingenious inquiries of Hugh that Megs found out that the smoky, rare Lapsang Souchong tea the Greshams liked was drunk unsullied by cream or sugar.

"Good night, Mouse, you're not worrying about that!" said Hugh, and ruffled her hair gently. "Tea's filthy stuff anyway. Forget it. Mom wouldn't have cared if you'd put maple syrup in it."

"That's what you think," Megs had said to herself at the time. But now, looking back, it struck her that Hugh was more right than he knew: that his mother wouldn't care what awkwardnesses Megs committed, because as far as Hugh's mother was concerned Megs didn't count at all. She felt sure that Mrs. Gresham had arranged for her to have this wonderful job here at the clinic so that she and Hugh wouldn't see each other so much; so that no more than a passing shadow should be cast on Gresham lives by a person from the wrong side of town—a person whose next year at Buttonwood Harbor High would be her last year of schooling; who until very recently had worn too much lipstick and dimestore jewelry; a person who used to laugh too loudly and say "Oh, broth-er!" when she fell down.

Helen rang the bell in the treatment room and Megs picked up a small pair of leg braces to take to her. "Oh, Hugh, Hugh," she cried silently, "if only we could see each other now and then for a few hours. If only your mother were for instead of dead against me!" For a moment she almost hated the handsome, competent, poised woman who was Hugh's mother, questioning even the sincerity of her interest in the clinic. "Just another thing for her to *manage*. We are all counters in a game of checkers she always wins!"

In the treatment room Romey Peters, lying on the exercise table, was screwing up his intent little face in an effort to follow Helen's instructions. At his "Hi, there! Look, Miss Megs, I kin wiggle my toes," Megs' gray eyes grew warm, and the dimple at the left corner of her mouth, so in eclipse since Hugh's departure, flashed out. The kids were all swell, but Romey was her pet.

"Good guy!" she said. "Put it there, podner." She offered a solemn handshake of congratulation and bent to lace on the braces, glancing up questioningly at

Helen as she neatly finished the first one.

The question in her eyes meant, "Warm Springs for Romey?" Helen, reading it aright, said matter-of-factly, but with a message in her eyes that Megs tried vainly to read, "Before you bring in the next patient, Megs, please come in for a moment."

To Megs, carrying Romey to the play tables and feeling his skinny, indomitable little knees digging into her hip, it seemed as if all at once her own problems were dwarfed. Above all she longed to hear that Romey was to have the improvement that a stay at Warm Springs polio center might bring. The clinic board, she knew, had met that morning. She had seen Mrs. Gresham, the chairman, drive up an hour before. Megs felt her heart pound. She pushed back her sun-bleached hair from a forehead as hot with suspense as with the humid, storm-heavy air. If they'll let Romey go, she thought as she pushed open the door of the treatment room, I think I can almost like Mrs. Gresham! But when Megs returned, she knew from Helen's expression that the news was not good.

"They're not sending him," Megs said. "Why, Helen? Why?"

"Megs, dear, I hate to tell you, but the board decided to send another child this time."

"Not Romey? He's not going at all?" Megs' eyes grew big with incredulity.

"We-e-ll," said Helen slowly. "The parents of this other child are entirely willing, really anxious for her to go, and you know that Mrs. Peters—"

"She is willing. She *is*! She promised me. Don't you remember that time I took Romey home—"

Megs paused a moment and then went on in a fury, "I know what's happened. Mrs. Gresham thinks because Romey's family background is so poor, he's not worth saving."

Helen said, "Now, Megs," but Megs, fumbling for a handkerchief to mop the angry tears, rushed on, "That's all it is, just pure snobbery. I know who bosses this clinic, and I've heard her talk about heredity and blood lines and all that. Well, it isn't horses she's dealing with now! Who does she think she is, anyway, deciding who's going to be saved and who's going to be left crippled? How can you tell what a person's like until he's had a chance to show you? If she knew Romey better, she'd know he was worth saving!"

"Oh, Megs, she does. I'm sure she does. Perhaps in the spring—" Helen was interrupted by the telephone, reached for it, and heard Mrs. Gresham's bell-like voice through the thin partition, answering it on the extension in the next office, "Thank you, Parsons; please come for me now."

Megs sat silent, horror-stricken, frantically trying to remember what she had said. She had meant every word, and yet—and yet—*Hugh's mother!*

Going home (Continued on page 34)

PRIMA Ballerina

by FAITH YINGLING KNOOP

Illustration by Fred Irvin

What price glory? Must a girl star in everything?

BECKY EVANS edged her way swiftly through the crowd milling about the hall lockers at Central High. She was in a hurry to hitch her first ride with Alan—handsome Alan Ames, dance genius. Becky, hugging her books almost desperately, whispered to herself, "If only I can make the grade!"

"About face, Beautiful! The pool is this way." A boy's laughing voice rose above the hubbub of slamming locker doors and chattering teen-agers. A bearlike paw gripped her shoulder and spun her around to face a pair of straightforward blue eyes topped by a thatch of red hair. "This is Friday—remember? The last day of the first week of school—positively the last day to register for Central's swimming team." They stood facing each other, forming a little island around which flowed the stream of boys and girls.

"Oh, Chuck, I'm awfully sorry," Becky spoke very fast. "But my first ballet lesson of the season is today and I can't miss it. Last spring Miss Mansel chose me to dance with Alan Ames. If I'm okay, I'll be his partner in the annual ballet—" At the expression in Chuck's eyes, her voice trailed off. He isn't jealous, she thought, he just looks disgusted! "Well, I can't do both ballet and swimming, can I?" she flared.

"Becky, you're all wet," Chuck spoke slowly. "You're good in ballet but, honest, not good enough to be a professional. So what'll it net you? Swimming is something you'll get a kick out of all your life. And Central needs you on the team."

"Thank you, Chuck Morrison!" Becky snapped. "Fortunately there are those who like my dancing."

He fished two cellophane-wrapped caramels from his pocket. "Have one?"

Becky shuddered haughtily and wished she weren't so hungry. But a ballerina must watch her weight. Last year she had taken ballet to help her swimming co-ordination, to improve her water ballet. She hardly knew how it came about that suddenly she found herself working her head off to be Alan's partner. Not only had she yearned to dance with Alan, but he had inspired her with his ambition to be a great dancer. She dreamed of Becky Evans, prima ballerina. She had practiced for hours, starved herself of sweets, neglected her beloved water sports. Now she turned and ran blindly away from Chuck

down the rapidly emptying hall. "You'll be sor-r-ry," Chuck's voice followed her.

It flashed through Becky's mind that Chuck's reproachful eyes had seemed nearer her level today than ever before.

Outside, Alan was already warming up his so-called "hot rod."

"Come on, hurry!" he called to Becky. "We have to get to the studio." Becky had barely climbed in before they were off in a series of teeth-rattling jerks. As they bounced downtown, Becky kept pulling her plaid-wool skirt over her knees. The waistband felt awfully tight. Those cleaners must have shrunk this skirt, the way they had shrunk the two others she had had cleaned for the opening of school.

She stole a glance at the dark-haired senior beside her. How different he was from Chuck! She really didn't know Alan except through dancing school. He had been at a training camp for television stars all summer while she was at Girl Scout camp. He would be a *maitre de ballet* some day. She was lucky to have been chosen by Miss Mansel as his dancing partner. What if she did give up the swimming team? She closed her eyes and saw the lights before a great theater:

Alan Ames and Rebecca Evans
in
"THE SWAN"

Inside, she and Alan were dancing. At the end of the adagio, deafening applause filled the packed house. Becky went gracefully into an arabesque, poised on one foot, with the other in the air behind her. Alan performed the *entrechat*, leaping high and repeatedly crossing his legs in mid-air.

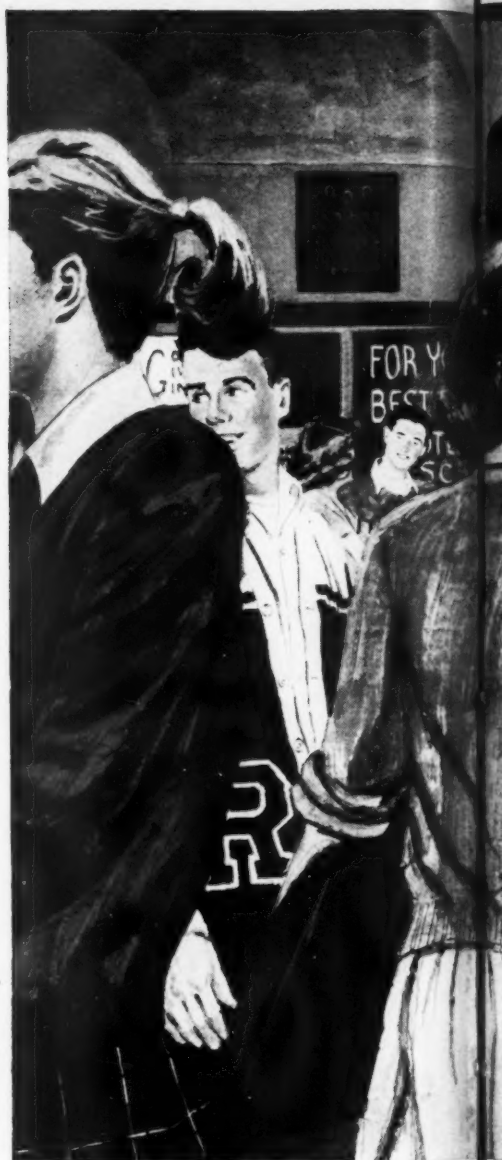
"Well, here we are! Ready for work?" Becky started back to reality at Alan's voice. He was smiling at her, but there was no warmth in his eyes. Becky wondered bleakly if she were just a stage prop to him. Clutching her books, she clambered from the jeep before he could help her.

Quickly they changed to practice clothes, and were rehearsing to a record, with Tibby Price, Becky's understudy, as audience be-

fore Miss Mansel came in to begin the lesson. Becky felt stiff and clumsy in this first practice. She wished she had spent less time swimming at camp and more time practicing ballet. She was tired and hungry. Oh, for Chuck's caramel! But her weight must stay under one hundred twelve. Being the right height and weight for Alan, she knew, had been one of the main reasons she had been chosen as his partner last spring.

The music grew sharper, louder, as the moment arrived for Alan to lift Becky high *en l'air* for the finale. She must leap gracefully at the moment of the lift. But she could not. She was *terre à terre*—grounded. She struggled and so did Alan. Together they crashed to the floor. They sat there facing each other for all the world like the gingham dog and the calico cat, Becky thought wildly. She began to giggle hysterically, then gave a small sob.

Alan's black eyes were pinpoints of ex-





aspiration as he rose easily to his feet and held out a hand to Becky.

"My dear girl," he exploded, "you're completely out of practice. What did you do all summer?"

"I had fun at Girl Scout camp," Becky defied him stoutly. "Camp fires, hiking, swimming—"

"You skipped your daily practice," he accused, horrified.

Becky was hot, tired, humiliated. It was the second time that afternoon a boy had bawled her out.

"Well, what if I did," she snapped. "There's something more in life than just ballet."

For a moment he stared at her in affronted surprise. His glance measured her critically as if, Becky thought, he were appraising a distorted piece of scenery. "You've put on weight," he reproached her sternly, "and I do believe you've grown."

In her turn, Becky stared at him. After not

growing for a year, she thought she had stopped: but had she? Maybe the cleaner hadn't shrunk her skirts. Maybe Chuck's eyes really were more nearly on a line with her own. "I believe you're right," she said slowly.

Somehow it wasn't the catastrophe he might have expected. She groped for a reason.

She thought vaguely that she had wanted to be Alan's partner; she had dreamed of her name in lights; she had pictured herself swaying audiences from a spotlighted stage, but she didn't really want to be a prima ballerina.

There would always be prima ballerinas, but there would always be swimming stars too. One person couldn't be a star at everything. Let Tibby dance with Alan Ames. What had she ever seen in him anyway?

She glanced up at the clock on the wall and suddenly she began to laugh.

"I'm not crazy," she said in answer to their staring amazement. "I'm just coming to my senses. Come on, Tibby, take my place. It's only three thirty and swimming practice lasts till five. The bus will get me there for the last hour."

Already she was running to the dressing room calling over her shoulder, "Good luck with the ballet."

Flinging aside her practice shorts, she pulled her scanty plaid skirt over head. A great weight had slipped from her shoulders. She need not be a great ballet star. She need not be a great anything. She was just plain Becky Evans and life was good. She could be on the swimming team, and she could dance for the fun of it.

It would be good to get back into the water, to race with Chuck. And what a dinner she would eat! Humming the school song, she ran out to the bus.

THE END

THE STUDIO was big, bright, and slightly bewi'dering. To Alice Brown, who stood in the doorway with her Uncle Jim, it hardly seemed a sensible room at all. One corner, nicely furnished as a living room, was quite tidy enough to please the fussiest housewife. Against the opposite wall was a portion of a polished kitchen. Between the two was a clutter and confusion of "props"—exactly, Alice thought, like the welter of stuff behind scenes at a high school play. All the rest of the room appeared to be filled with gargantuan cameras on wheels, enormous spotlights tilted at odd angles, microphones that dangled from overhead cables. Jutting out into the room at a higher level was a fully enclosed glass-walled control room containing panels covered with dials and knobs and push buttons.

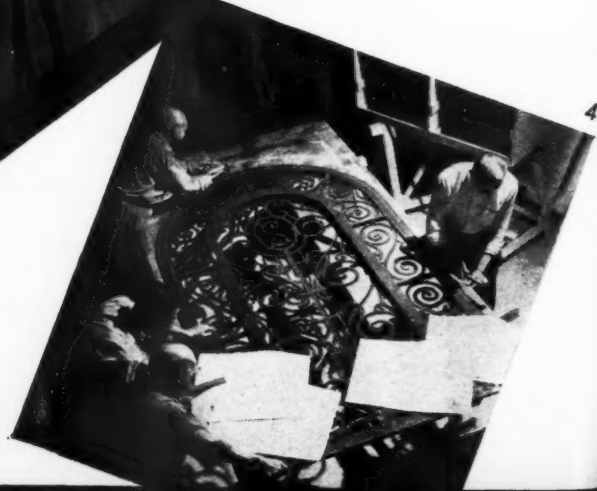
There were lots of people around. A knot of men and women wearing theatrical make-up stood together, talking in low tones. Now and then they laughed softly, but mostly they were quiet—simply waiting.

In sharp contrast to this placid group was the busy man in a tweed jacket who shouted a strange mumbo-jumbo at other busy men in shirt sleeves who looked hot and harried:

Television: a Career?

by MARCIA LEE

All photos from the
Columbia Broadcasting System



"Thread it up! . . . Get the boom on the dolly, will you? . . . Listen, Charlie, no more of those blooms and wumps . . . Are the banks ready? . . . Roll up the oleo, Joe."

Alice, surprised and breathless, felt that somehow she had stumbled into Wonderland. Perhaps, she thought, this was exactly how the Alice of storybook fame had felt when she had come upon the fabulous country behind the looking glass.

The nowadays looking glass is, of course, the television screen, and behind it lies not an impossible fairyland but an entirely new business world. Its language is not jabberwocky at all, but a pithy lingo, meaningful to those who work in this medium (see the list of terms on this page). Its capacity for growth is great; its career opportunities unusual and exciting.

What does the future hold for you in TV? This report of Alice's visit to her uncle's television station, where she interviewed him about "opportunities in television" for her English class speech, will give you an idea. So listen in . . . the names are fictional, but the facts are very real!

The tempo of the studio had left Alice feeling rather confused, but by the time she had walked with her uncle back to his office she was poised with her notebook and the question:

"Just what jobs are open to young women who want a career in TV?"

Mr. Brown considered a moment.

"Let's put it this way," he said finally. "There is no job that is *closed* to women. Because TV is a new field young women can prepare themselves for any job in TV right along with their brothers. However, I believe that there are jobs that can be handled best by women and vice versa. We can divide TV jobs into two general classifications: those concerned with the program side, and those which deal with the technical or production side. I've jotted down a list of jobs in the program field with some notes on the qualifications needed for each."

Here is the list Mr. Brown gave Alice to use in her report:

1. PROGRAM DIRECTOR: Selects and produces all shows that go on the air. Must have thorough knowledge of all the technical aspects as well as artistic and dramatic judgment; executive ability.

2. STUDIO MANAGER: Comparable to the stage manager of a theater. Must have a mind for details and organization.

3. ART DIRECTOR: Must be able to paint a scene on a backdrop or wield the hammer and put together an entire set. Must know color values and their effects in black and white.



The exciting, fast-growing world of TV offers many new and unusual opportunities for eager young women

4. MUSICAL DIRECTOR: Directs the studio orchestra, arranges musical scores for all types of productions, and is responsible for the selection and execution of all the music that is heard on the station. Job demands an extensive musical background and a high degree of talent.

5. DIRECTOR OF WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES: Arranges programs of special interest to women and children, supervises fashion shows, acts as the liaison person between the station and women's clubs, parent-teacher's associations, youth groups, and so forth.

6. STAFF WRITER: May be called on to write anything from an entire play down to a one-line commercial. Must be well-versed in dramatic and literary fields and must be able to grasp an idea quickly and get it down fast.

7. NEWS EDITOR: This job calls for an exceptionally broad educational background and both editing and reporting ability. Often the news editor does his or her own broadcasting, which requires training in voice (Continued on page 67)

1. In the prop department are the odds and ends of a TV scene
2. Make-up artists groom all the stars for their television roles
3. Skillful wardrobe mistresses fit and press each costume worn
4. Expert craftsmanship goes into the construction of all the sets
5. All of the films you see on TV are stored by the film librarians

TELEVISION LINGO

Thread it up—direction to the film projectionist to put a movie film in the projector.

Boom—mechanical arm that holds a camera.

Dolly—four-wheeled platform on which "boom" is moved about the stage.

Banks—grouping of studio lights.

Oleo—backdrop or painted scenery.

Blooms—glare caused by too much light hitting the camera lens.

Wumps—sudden flare-ups of light.

Cans—earphones used by technical crew to receive directions from studio manager or program director.

THE WIND BLOWS FREE

by LOULA GRACE ERDMAN

Illustration by William Timmins

PART FIVE

THE LAST OF the chips had been put on the fire and even though the wind had died down, the room was growing chilly. It was almost morning and a gray predawn light was coming through the dugout window now.

The man in the chair turned his head—looking, listening. Then he went over to his sleeping partner and touched him. Without a word the man rose. Together, still without speaking, they walked to the door, opened it, and without saying so much as “Thank you” went out into the grayness.

Mama ran to the door and shot the bolt. She stood there, listening until she heard the sound of a horse leaving. Then she turned to Melinda.

“Well, they’re gone, thank God!” She walked past the bed, averting her glance. Melinda knew it would get a good airing and scrubbing before it was used again. “It’s cold in here,” Mama went on. “I think we’d better go to bed now until morning really comes. I’ll get in with Carolyn and you can sleep with Katie.” She put her hand on Melinda’s shoulder. “Melinda,” she said, and her tone was one she would have used to a grown woman, “thank you for sitting up with me.”

A warm, lovely feeling swept over Melinda, making her almost forget the terrible night they had just passed through. “I wanted to,” she answered.

“Yes, I know you did,” Mama said. “Now let’s go to bed.”

The next thing Melinda knew there was a voice at the door, Papa’s voice. “Let me in,” he called.

Mama ran to the door, shot back the bolt. “Oh, Richard!” she cried, and threw her arms around him.

“Fine sort of business,” Papa said, patting her shoulder. “All of you in bed here in the middle of the morning and me locked out.” He knew something serious had happened, but he was going to let them tell him in their own way.

They all began to talk at once and it was quite a story they had to tell.

“What did the men look like?” Papa asked. He listened intently to their descriptions, then said, “I think you entertained two pretty tough customers last night. Nick and Herman were telling me about them only yesterday. They’re rustlers. Pretty

big reward out for them.”

“I suspected as much,” Mama confessed.

“What I don’t understand,” Papa marveled, “is why you let them in without finding out first that they were strangers.”

“I found out,” Mama told him.

“Then why did you do it, alone with the children?”

“I couldn’t leave them out in the storm,” Mama explained.

“Not if I expected someone to take you in, I couldn’t. By the way, where did you stay?”

“I made it to the Fosters,” Papa said.

“My goodness!” Mama cried. “Where did they find a place to tuck you with all that crowd?”

“I expect they didn’t feel half as crowded with me there as you did with *your* company,” Papa replied.

And how they all laughed!

Christmas was just around the corner! The minute Papa tore off the November sheet from the calendar, the excitement of the planning began. Mama’s plans were on the practical side. “I’ll have to make mincemeat,” she said.

The twins volunteered to set traps for rabbits, but Papa thought maybe a deer or an antelope might be more appropriate for a special thing like Christmas mincemeat. So he and the boys went hunting, taking their lunch and making a day of it. Sure enough, they came back with an antelope.

“We all shot him,” Dick bragged.

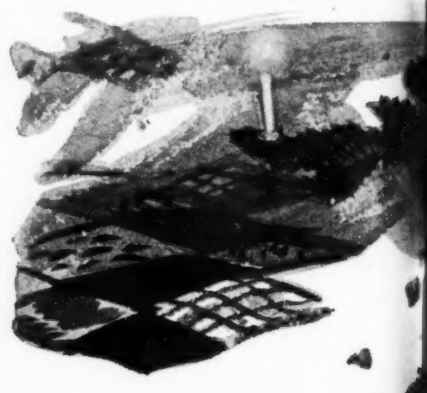
“All three of us,” Bert assured Mama.

Papa said that was right. He had shot and then handed the gun in turn to each of the boys, and each had taken a shot for himself. Just as Dick shot, the animal fell dead. Melinda didn’t say what she was thinking—that an antelope didn’t stand still waiting for three people to shoot him, but Mama appeared much impressed. The next day was spent cooking and measuring and brewing. Papa and the boys hung the rest of the antelope meat on top of the shed, away from the reach of coyotes and wolves. Mama and the girls made cookies. Katie and Melinda made gingerbread men, Christmas trees, and stars with their share of the dough.

That evening after supper, Mama got out the mail-order catalogue. “The Wish Book,” they called it. “Make out your lists,” she said. They sat around the table, the lamp throwing a golden circle of light over all of them. The boys made a wonderful list. It included boots and hats like those the cowboys wore, a horse with a new saddle, a gun apiece, and much more.

THE STORY SO FAR: The wind seemed always to blow, wild and free, across the vast, flat, treeless stretches of the Texas Panhandle. It seemed at once to frighten and to beckon to Melinda Pierce who hadn’t wanted to leave her home, her friends, all she held dear in Lewisville, East Texas, to live in a cramped sod house twenty miles from the nearest neighbor in the Panhandle district of West Texas. She was sustained only by the promise that she could go back to Lewisville in a year and a half, when she would be sixteen, to attend the Academy with her friends. On the Panhandle, there was little wood or water, and people depended on their own resources for school, church, books, and music. Melinda yearned for friends, but there was only vague, dreamy Dennis Kennedy, whose interest in her was problematical, and untidy, barefoot Annie Foster who could neither read nor write. Then, picnicking with the Kennedys, Melinda and her sister Katie suffered the terrifying experience of being lost in the wilds of the Panhandle. Melinda was glad and embarrassed to find Dennis among the rescue group. When, in a storm during the absence of her father, two Texas “bad men” forced themselves upon the Pierces for the night, Melinda, though terror-stricken, supported her mother’s brave stand and realized she was growing up.

As Melinda fell asleep, her dream-filled eyes saw a tree glowing with light





"I want a box of water colors," Katie said wistfully, as she and Melinda waited their turn at the catalogue.

"Why, Katie," Mama looked at her second daughter in surprise, "whatever made you think of that?"

"I want to paint a picture like that one in Grandma's parlor, the one with the pink roses."

Melinda was astonished. She had seen that picture a hundred times, but she had never once thought of painting one like it. When at last she thumbed through the catalogue, she chose a blue dress, some books, and a pair of high-topped shoes with tassels on them.

Mama and Papa sat listening. "I'll be going to town some of these days," Papa said. "I'll tell Santa about all these things you want."

However recklessly they might make lists from the Wish Book, they all knew that the Christmas gifts they actually gave and received would be things which must be planned and made right here at home. Melinda begged material from Mama's sewing box and made beanbags for the twins, and handkerchiefs for Mama, Papa, and Katie. Her stitches were uneven, her hems crooked. Grandmother was going to be very impatient with her when she went back to East Texas if she did not know how to sew a fine seam, or do delicate embroidery. Melinda did not enjoy it, but she persisted until the handkerchiefs were finished and hidden with the beanbags in the box the boys had made for her birthday. Evenings, after Carolyn had gone to bed, Mama and Melinda and Katie worked together making a rag doll for the baby. Mama cut it out, sewed it up, and stuffed it. Melinda raveled out twine for the hair, plaiting it into pigtails. Katie painted on the features in ink. Then they made a complete outfit for the new doll.

"Oh, it's so pretty!" Katie exulted. (Continued on page 56)



Madame Darkness

First Poetry Award

*Madame Darkness
Fastens her ebony tresses
With clasps of stars;
She drapes
A cloak called night
About her shoulders;
She pins the moon
At her throat;
She steps into space
And stretches forth
Her arms
To encircle the earth.*

WANDA KEETER (age 17) Yakima, Washington

One Cloudy Afternoon

First Fiction Award

My mind was so wrapped up in the mysteries of photosynthesis, thyroid disorders, and how the aorta works, that to be truthful with myself and everyone concerned, I did not notice her at first.

A more sedate woman one rarely sees—with head high, a sweep of silver hair, and spotless white gloves. Had I been a painter of abstract design, my first impression of her would have been put down on canvas as two hands neatly interlocked with one eye that could neither turn to the right or to the left but could only stare straight ahead.

When my mind awoke from its dream, I discovered that outside of her I was the only other person at the bus stop, and as one cannot fathom the mysteries of biology on a cold street corner, I sighed heavily and snapping my book shut, tried to make friendly conversation.

"Nasty out, isn't it?"

"Quite." She stopped to look at me; then, turning her head, she seemed determined to stop our discussion completely.

This did not encourage me but I strove on with a multitude of strength.

"Is the bus always this long in coming?"

"I wouldn't know."

"Oh, then you don't use this line much?"

"No."

There was a pause in the conversation; she seemed engrossed in her own thoughts. "Have to go very far?" I asked.

She looked at me from the corner of her eye.

"Do you always speak to strangers?"

"No." I was surprised at my own boldness.

She laughed. It was a nice laugh. "You're a student, aren't you?"

Here is your own department in the magazine. Watch for the announcements each month and send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, photographs, and drawings. See page 64 for details

"Well . . . I go to high school."
She glanced at my books. "Umm."
I hurried on. "Do you like history? It's my favorite subject."

"Yes?"

"Who was your favorite character?"

"There were so many . . . it's hard to say."

"Yes, but I think everyone has a favorite."

"Well, then, I suppose it was Elizabeth the First."

stalls and was acclaimed by the critics, while my best friends tried to beat my record on the stage." She looked at me sharply. "Do you want to be an actress?"

"I'd rather write the lines than act them."

"So you wish to be a writer."

"More than anything else in the world," I said, my eyes shining.

"Good," she smiled. "It means work and lots of hardships, though."

"I know that."

"Well, dear, in one of your stories mention a woman who watched her friend Maude Adams play Peter Pan from the wings, Ellen Terry celebrate her fiftieth anniversary on the stage, and Gertrude Elliott win fame in 'Caesar and Cleopatra.' I was a young woman then," she sighed. There was a far-off look in her eyes. "The theater . . . it's been my first love, my greatest challenge." She looked at me. "Let it be that way with your pen."

Her bus pulled up; it was not mine. She climbed aboard and dropped her coin noiselessly into the box.

"Wait, you didn't tell me your name." But she was gone, like a ghost slipping into the fog, forever.

ELIZABETH KLEIN (age 13) New York, New York



FIRST ART AWARD:

JEANNE FAVER (age 16) Astoria, New York



FIRST PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:

ELENORA L. STANDISH (age 14) Peterborough, Canada

The Door

First Nonfiction Award

Close the door quickly; now run, run, run. Shut the door on your infancy, your youth, your adolescence, now run, hurry, run.

Slam the door on your memories, your hate and happiness, your sorrow and indifference.

Quickly, you haven't much time, lock the door and run. Run down the sidewalk of the past, across the street of the present, around the corner of the future.

Hurry, oh, please hurry, bolt the door and run. See that light shining around the corner. Just a little way off, clutch it, hold it. Catch the light, it's tomorrow, the future. Before it fades, before the past engulfs it with torrents of blackness you must reach it. Hurry, hurry, just around the corner, such a short distance away, close the door and run, run, run.

KATHIE SPEER (age 15) Altoona, Pennsylvania

Genius

Poetry Award

I saw a genius.

A real live genius,

His hair was gray

And was also curly.

His eyes were blue

And also tired.

I don't believe I would want to be a genius, Would you?

GRACE WALLACE (age 13) Eureka, Kansas
(Continued on page 60)

Elizabeth Zane:

FRONTIER BLOCKADE BUSTER

by HARRY EDWARD NEAL

She was young and she was only a girl—
but her unwavering courage saved Fort Henry

SHE HAULED the bucket out of the well and poured the clear, cold water into the larger bucket on the ground, to take back to the new cabin. The cabin looked almost as strong as nearby Fort Henry itself—and it was, according to her brother Ebenezer, who had built both. She was proud of Ebenezer. She was proud of her other brothers, too—Silas and Jonathan and Isaac and Andrew. But Ebenezer was the one who always wanted to do things, always talked about the future, about building cities in the wilderness, making the frontier a place for homes and churches and factories. That was why he had built this fort on the banks of the Ohio River and had brought a handful of pioneers to make their homes here. Yes, Ebenezer had the true Zane spirit and Elizabeth had it, too. She was here with her brothers instead of at her home in West Virginia—a fugitive hiding from the British—because of that Zane spirit.

This is how it happened.

Shortly after the start of the Revolutionary War, Betty Zane returned to her parents' home from finishing school in Philadelphia. Even then the British were marching through the countryside from Bunker Hill to the Carolinas, plundering as they went. Tales of British arrogance went before the soldiers and won them enemies in every town and hamlet.

William Zane, Betty's father, was a peaceful man of Quaker stock, opposed to violence. Betty, however, felt that it was wise to fight for one's rights and to oppose injustice and cruelty and tyranny. One day the thud of hoofs was heard in the streets, and the Zanes looked out of their windows to see a troop of British cavalry approaching the house. An officer dismounted and pounded on the front door, which was opened by Mr. Zane.

"I want food and drink for my men," the officer said. "There are forty of us. Have it prepared immediately and don't make excuses. You American farmers have enough food hidden away to feed the whole British army."

Betty realized that her father and mother had no choice but to do as they were told. As her mother and father began to prepare the food, Betty looked out the window and saw the soldiers tethering their horses. The reins of the first horse were tied to the hitching post in front of the house. The reins of the second horse were fastened to the saddle of the first, the reins of the third were tied to the second, and so on. It was a strange way to tie horses, Betty thought.

The soldiers trooped into the house, and Betty went to the kitchen to help her parents, resenting the laughter of the red coats in the other rooms, the thud of their boots on the clean floors. If only I were a man, Betty thought. But, she wasn't a man—she wasn't even a grown woman yet. She was just a seventeen-year-old girl, powerless to hurt the armed enemy.

Looking toward the street she saw again how oddly the British horses were tied to each other, and suddenly a bold idea twinkled in her mind and sparked and leaped into a dazzling plan. Her whole body (Continued on page 41)

At the entrance to the cemetery in Martins Ferry stands this statue of Elizabeth Zane, erected by the school children of the Ohio town to honor her outstanding bravery

Photograph by Jim B. Bullard,
Martins Ferry, Ohio,
"Times Leader"



IN MEMORY OF
ELIZABETH ZANE
WHOSE HEROIC DEED
SAVED FORT HENRY IN 1782
MAY 31, 1926



BEAUTY CURRICULUM

by FAY ALCOTT

A new term—a new chance to become the girl you want to be. Try planning your way to beauty and a successful school year

Drawing by Clare McCanna

SCHOOL will be starting soon and you will be beginning one more chapter in your life, for each new term holds the promise of achievement, of making new friends, renewing the bonds between you and old friends, marking another milestone in your growing up. It is an exciting time, this returning to school again after the long and often nicely lazy days of the summer months. But if the excitement is to be enjoyed it is important that you sit down now and make a little plan so that you can sail through it happily. Plan to be efficient about your personal appearance, first of all. Plan to keep this efficiency up right straight through till summer comes around again. Make a little list of the things you failed in last year and resolve not to let them cause confusion and perhaps embarrassment in this one.

You have no doubt often heard a man or woman spoken of as "well organized," meaning that they always know what they are about in the daily routine of their lives. Part of this organization has to do with the way they plan the care of their clothes and all the other attributes of their appearance. As you go onward through life you will discover that these well-organized people are the ones who get the best jobs, lead the most productive lives, seem always to have plenty of time to enjoy themselves. Do not confuse this quality of organization with fussiness or overemphasis on detail which can be very boring to everybody. It is simply a matter of taking care of your own affairs at the right moment and then being able to forget them.

The question of the clothes you wear from day to day is one of the most important things to plan ahead. Are you the type who along about Thursday cries out as the clock's hands near eight A.M., "What'll I wear today? Oh dear! I haven't a thing to put on that's decent!" And then everybody in the family has to scurry about getting you off on time with a blouse that doesn't go with your only pressed skirt, or a sweater that needs an ink spot removed. All this commotion could have been avoided if you had thought out and prepared your week's wearing apparel on Saturday. That's organization.

The same system goes for your beauty care. If you wash your hair, do your nails, do all the major jobs over the week end, you can go serenely through from Monday to Friday knowing that you look well-groomed for come what may during the week. If you wear your hair with curled-up ends, it is an easy matter to dampen them and put them up on bobby pins every other night or so, if necessary, provided your hair is already clean from its weekly shampoo. If you take regular care of your complexion, cleansing it thoroughly each night, using whatever particular lotions your skin type or problem

requires, there need be no wailing and rush in the morning, with "I look perfectly terrible!" going through your head as a recurring theme.

If you keep the basic necessities of a tidy and attractive appearance in your school locker, you need never be the girl who looks like a drowned rat on a rainy day or goes through the last half of the afternoon session with her skirt hem trailing like a badly draped piece of bunting. Collect these appurtenances to good looks right now before school opens, and keep them always replenished and tidily housed on your locker shelf. You do not need any elaborate equipment or fancy beauty kit. A shoe box will hold all you could want, but your supply should include these things: a package of cleansing tissues, a comb and small traveling-size brush (you can get these two together in a little case at any drugstore), a mirror to hang on your locker door, needle and small spools of thread for hasty repair work, a nail file or emery boards, a small bottle of spot remover, hand lotion (*Continued on page 39*)

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PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM BENEDICT

HAT BY RICHARD ENGLANDER

Versatility plus! Our September Prize Purchase is a suit for fall, a topper for warmer winter days.

The fingertip reversible coat, of all-wool check or tweed with all-wool alpaca, tops a slim matching skirt. By Highlander, it's a real buy at about \$35. Brown, navy, or gray, in subteen sizes 8-14, teen sizes 10-16, at The Youth Fashion Guild stores listed on page 69

For cold-weather protection, choose this wool-tweed coat by Scher & Feldman. It's double-breasted and the high, round collar, lined in velvet, fits snugly at the neck. In mauve, gold, red, and tan with brown. About \$35 for subteens; about \$40 for teens

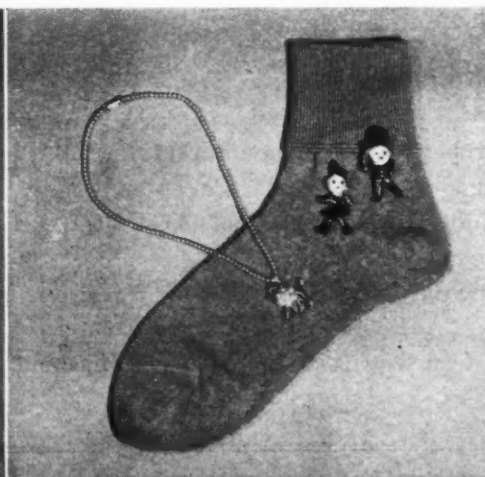


Stride Through

A dickey of checked corduroy by Richard Englander has a small round collar; about \$2.95. Matching cloche with a scalloped turn-back brim, in sizes 21-22, about \$5. The belt, also of matching corduroy, has six record dangles. In sizes 22-28, about \$2. All in yellow and brown, red and black

Spun-nylon anklet with a turned-down, ribbed knitted cuff by Jantzen. Sizes 9-11, \$1.15. Available in all colors. Lad and Lassie pins with pink mock-pearl faces, a set of hand-painted Scotch twins in uniform, \$1.* Mock-pearl necklace with a cute little French-poodle dangle. \$1*; both by Ben Berchman

Wear Right's cotton shortie gloves available in all colors, about \$2.50, sizes 6-7½. Double-strap, leather handbag by Youthmode about \$5* in red, navy, and benedictine. A flat-heel walking shoe in suede and leather by American Girl. Sizes 4-10 AAA-B, about \$8. Black, brown, with benedictine



Winter

COATS PHOTOGRAPHED BY RALPH M. BAXTER
ACCESSORIES PHOTOGRAPHED BY SOL B. KOHN
HATS BY CAPULETS
GLOVES BY WEAR RIGHT
BAGS BY YOUTHMODE

*Please add 20% Federal Tax

Fitted corduroy middy by Fairway has a modified sailor collar with a single-button closing and contrasting bow tie. About \$8, sizes 10-16 teen, in red, navy, and gold. Low-heeled shell pump with scalloped cut-out work. In black suede or red calf by American Girl Shoe. Sizes 4-10 AAA-B, about \$7



Left: Dubrowsky & Joseph's wool-suede coat with tuxedo front has a small, round collar and turn-back cuffs of velvet. In gray and cadet blue, sizes 10-16 teen, about \$45. *Right:* Zebeline-checked coat by Little Empress has a small shawl collar and dropped shoulder. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$35. Red, blue, gold with gray



Keep warm and pretty, too! Gay, colorful accessories add a touch of brightness that will chase winter gloom away. For the store located nearest you, see page 69

Around the Clock Separates




Set for school in Semiteen's tailored outfit. The tattersal-checked cotton blouse with three-quarter-length puffed sleeves has a small tie at the neck. Full skirt of corduroy is trimmed with a novel plastic belt. Both in subteen sizes 8-14, they're available in skipper blue, purple, and gold. Blouse is about \$4; skirt about \$6




Take time out for lunch in Nancy Wheeling's corduroy separates. The flared skirt, available in all colors, has a front kick pleat and novelty button trim. Checked poncho top with V neckline has two patch pockets and laces on the left side. Red, green, and gold with black. Both in subteen sizes 8-14, about \$6 each

Be well-dressed from early morning to late at night in separates, the best bet for any busy girl. All a




 For extracurricular activities, choose Semiteen's corduroy jumper. It has a scooped neckline and two slash pockets. About \$8 in gold, purple, and skipper blue. Combined with it, a short-sleeved wool-jersey blouse with pointed collar. About \$5 in maize, lilac, and light blue. Both are available in subteen sizes 8-14



 Shop in style in this two-piece outfit by Fairway. The gored skirt is of checked corduroy, in green and pink, about \$8. Top it off with a long-sleeved bolero, also of corduroy. The piping around the Peter Pan collar and edge of jacket matches the skirt. In black only, about \$6. Both come in sizes 8-14 subteen; 10-16 teen



 Be pretty for your date in this outfit by Dell Tween. The skirt of Avondale wide-wale corduroy has deep, unpressed folds on either side. About \$8. The blouse of Avondale striped cotton has an elasticized push-up sleeve and an ascot button-down tie at the neck. About \$4. Both in gray and cocoa. Subteen sizes 8-14

girl. All are color co-ordinated, and each adds a plus to your wardrobe. For the store nearest you, see page 69

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH M. BAXTER
JEWELRY BY BEN BERCHMAN
BAG BY PYRAMID
HAT BY CAPULETS

Answers for Autumn

Drawings by Florence Maier

9387

4612

9176



These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. For your convenience there is a clip-out order blank on page 69

Each Pattern 30¢

4826: A full skirt, with separate petticoat for a bouffant swing. For a party version, use crisp faille or taffeta. In waist measures small and medium. For medium, skirt needs $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39" material; petticoat, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35" crinoline and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards cotton fabric

4612: This smartly styled casual for sizes 10-16, with huge pockets to accent the wide skirt, is adaptable to a variety of fabrics for daytime wear. You might have one dress in your favorite solid color, another in a gay plaid. Size 12 takes $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards 35" material

9387: Here is a trim version of the skirt-and-vest combination that teams up so well with blouses and sweaters for every kind of school activity. For sizes 12-18. In this size range, the skirt takes only 1 yard 54" material, and the vest 1 yard, same width

9176: Flange pockets with contrasting trim give dash to the bell silhouette of a frock for sizes 11-17, and the mandarin collar of the smooth-fitting bodice is very becoming. It is sketched in a Burlington rayon plaid. Size 13 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39" fabric



Dear Marcy....

by BERYL WILLIAMS

Drawing by Clare McCanna

YOU DON'T know me. I don't know you either, but I saw you today when you and your two friends came into the drugstore near the high school. You reminded me of my own teens, and I thought fleetingly that you all looked too smart to be suffering the kind of agony that I went through at that period.

As you settled into the booth behind mine, I overheard an eager voice describing a dress that was "sort of bluish-green, with a terribly full skirt—absolutely terrific!"

"I can't wait to see it, Pat," another voice said.

I smiled, imagining all your smiles. But a moment later I knew that only two of you were really joining in the excitement over Pat's new dress. The third one—that was you, Marcy—was saying, "Of course, you can wear that kind of a neckline, Pat. So can Joyce. But my face is too round. It would make me look just like a pumpkin."

Nobody spoke for a minute. When Pat did, finally, all the gaiety was gone from her voice. "Oh, don't be silly, Marcy," she said. "Your face isn't so round."

The clerk came then with your cokes. It was a welcome interruption—to me, at least. And I was glad that Joyce began to talk about something else immediately afterward. A perfectly divine senior named Pete, I learned, was sure to

be Romeo in the dramatic club's play. "Practically everybody," Pat giggled, "is simply praying to be Juliet."

"Except me," you said. "Can you imagine me in the balcony? Pete would drop dead if he looked up and saw me there."

And once more there was an awkward little silence. Pat broke that one, finally, with a mutter about having to get home early. Joyce said she had to get home, too—practically right away.

I gathered up my parcels and fled. I didn't want to see your hurt face as you trailed out after them. Of course I was sorry for you. But I was angry at you, too.

And the reason I think I have a sort of right to tell you how angry I am is that I think I know just how you feel; I behaved exactly as you're behaving when I was your age. On every conceivable occasion I held up all my defects for the world to examine. "See, here they are!" I kept shouting. "Here—and here—and here!"

Naturally my awareness of all my failings made me miserable. But self-consciousness was only another word for self-knowledge, I thought, and I certainly couldn't be so dishonest as to pretend I was better than I was. Of course I wished I were different, and less unhappy. I was always reading articles which promised to teach a girl how to be popular and attractive, but none of

them were any help. They all said: "Think of others more than of yourself, and you will overcome your self-consciousness." And that, I knew, was ridiculous advice. I *did* think of others.

I thought how beautiful one girl's eyes were, and quickly assured her I knew mine were pale and small by comparison. I thought of another always being surrounded by boys, and told her often that boys didn't like me one tenth as much as they did her. I thought about other people all the time.

Once I read about a thing called an inferiority complex, and for a while I thought perhaps that was what was wrong with me. But I decided it couldn't be. *My* inferiorities were real. I wasn't imagining them. And to recognize things wasn't to have a complex about them, was it? So I went right on recognizing mine, out loud.

But one day I had a startling experience. A cousin of mine came to see us, a girl about my own age. We had corresponded for years, but never met. Caroline lived in New York, where I longed to go to study, and I dragged her happily out to the porch swing for a long, wonderful talk.

Something went wrong, though. Every time I asked her a question about New York, she answered me in a most curious way. I wanted to know about the famous shops, and she (Continued on page 54)

Do you—like Marcy—make those belittling remarks that spread big clouds of gloom?



JAMBALAYA or ragout, gumbo, goulash, or stew—by whatever name you call it, it is a wonderful dish when well-prepared and carefully seasoned. Nearly every good cook has a favorite trick or two for stew making, and few other dishes offer such opportunity for imagination and experiment. It is a universal dish, too. Invited to "take potluck" anywhere around the world, chances are you will find you have created a stew which would be unique to that particular country.

From the recipes you sent in for the September Exchange we have chosen some old favorites with a new twist, and others which are quite different. Try them on a cook-out as well as in the family circle. Give your imagination a free rein now and then, and perhaps you will find you have created a new dish all your own.

For the December Exchange we are calling all cooks for candy recipes—candies that are unusual and different, with something just a little extra-special. The air will be full of holiday plans when the December issue comes out, so recipes for candies that can be made for Christmas giving and holiday feasting will be especially welcome. Breathes a girl who doesn't like to make candy? We doubt it! So send in your favorite recipe, and if it is published, we will send you a check for one dollar. See page 38 for details.

CHINESE GOULASH

Rice or Chinese noodles are a good companion for this. For added flavor, chopped celery and green pepper can be cooked with the onion.

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| 1 pound lean beef, veal, lamb, or pork | ½ cup minced onion |
| 2 tablespoons flour | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 1 teaspoon salt | ½ cup boiling water |
| ½ teaspoon pepper | 6 cups shredded cabbage |
| 2 tablespoons shortening | 1 tablespoon soy sauce |
| | ½ cup evaporated milk |

Cut meat into thin slivers. Combine flour, salt, and pepper, and use to dredge meat. Brown meat in hot shortening and cook slowly 30 minutes. Add onion and cook 5 minutes. While meat is cooking, add salt to boiling water, and cook cabbage until just tender, about 12 minutes. Add undrained cabbage to meat. Add soy sauce and cook 2 minutes. Stir in milk. Heat thoroughly, but do not boil. Serve at once. Serves 4.

Sent by RUTH MARIE HINES, Cicero, Illinois

STEWs AND GOULASHES

by JUDITH MILLER

ITALIAN STEW

A hearty dish that would be fine for an outdoor meal. More macaroni may be added if your taste runs to a thicker stew.

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| ½ cup dried kidney beans | ¼ cup diced turnip |
| 1 veal knucklebone, cracked | 1 cup cooked tomatoes |
| 2 cups finely chopped raw ham | ½ cup uncooked elbow macaroni |
| 3 quarts water | 2 cups shredded cabbage |
| 4 cups chopped celery | 1 teaspoon salt |
| ½ cup diced carrots | 3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese |
| ½ cup chopped onion | |

Soak kidney beans in cold water overnight. Put beans, veal bone, and ham in large kettle with water, and simmer slowly 1½ hours. Add celery, carrots, onion, turnip, tomatoes, and macaroni and cook 20 minutes. Add cabbage and salt; cook 10 minutes longer. Sprinkle each serving with Parmesan cheese.

Sent by NANCY GILMORE, Bristolville, Ohio

NEW ORLEANS STEW

Kidneys are an excellent meat buy, and make a tasty stew. They tend to toughen, so be careful not to overcook.

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| 2 beef kidneys | 8 large green olives, sliced |
| ½ cup flour | 1 bay leaf |
| Salt and pepper | ½ teaspoon thyme |
| 4 strips bacon | 8 sprigs parsley |
| 1½ tablespoons olive oil | 2 whole cloves |
| 2 medium onions, sliced | 1 clove garlic, chopped |
| 1 medium green pepper, sliced | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 1 #2 can tomatoes | ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate |
| | Few grains pepper |

Trim fat, skin, and tubes from kidneys (or ask your butcher to do this for you). Soak in salted water 30 minutes. Drain, rinse in cold water, and cook 3 minutes in boiling water. Drain; cut into ¾ inch slices, dust with flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Dice bacon and fry in heavy kettle until crisp. Add olive oil, and when heated, brown kidney slices. Add onion, pepper, tomatoes,

and olives. Place bay leaf, thyme, parsley, cloves, and garlic in a square of cheesecloth, tie securely, and drop into mixture in kettle. Add remaining ingredients, cover tightly, and simmer over low heat 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove seasoning bag and serve. Serves 4.

Sent by DORIS JENNINGS, Benjamin, Texas

HUNGARIAN GOULASH WITH DUMPLINGS

This version of the famous Hungarian goulash is made with pork and beef, instead of veal.

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| 1 large onion, chopped | ¾ cup water |
| 3 tablespoons butter | 1 pound sauerkraut, cooked |
| 1 teaspoon paprika | Salt and pepper |
| ½ pound lean pork | 1 cup sour cream |
| ½ pound lean beef | |

Brown onion in butter. Stir in paprika. Cut meat into cubes and add to onion. Simmer until tender, about 1½ hours, adding more water as needed. Add sauerkraut, mix well, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Add cream. Drop dumplings by tablespoons on top of goulash, cover tightly, and cook over low heat, without removing cover, 15 minutes. Serves 4.

Dumplings:

- | | |
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| 1 cup sifted flour | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 1½ teaspoons baking powder | 3 tablespoons milk |
| | 1 egg, beaten |

Sift dry ingredients together. Combine milk and egg and add to dry mixture, blending quickly but thoroughly. Add to goulash as directed.

Sent by CAROL CASPER, Columbia Station, Ohio

BUDGET STEW

This is budget-wise in time as well as money, needing only an occasional glance as it simmers. But be sure to keep the heat low, so the stew will not burn.

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|----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons fat | 1 teaspoon salt |
| ¾ cup sliced onions | ½ teaspoon pepper |
| 1 pound ground beef | ¼ teaspoon chili powder |
| ½ cup uncooked rice | ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce |
| 3 cups diced potatoes | 1½ cups tomato juice |
| 1 cup diced celery | |
| 2 cups canned kidney beans | |

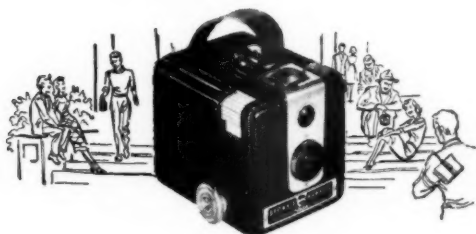
(Continued on page 37)

School Days bring big times for Snapshots

Get snaps of your chums, the big games. Snaps for your own book—snaps for the yearbook. You'll get shots you don't want to miss. It's easy with any of these top-flight Kodak Cameras.



If you like a smart reflex-type camera, here's the Kodak Duaflex II. It performs like big money, but doesn't cost much—only \$22.30 with focusing Kodar Lens, \$14.50 with fixed focus Kodet Lens. The hooded finder shows what you're snapping, big and clear. The new exposure plate on the focusing model tells how to set the lens for existing light. For snapshots at night the accessory flashholder (\$3.00) clips on the side. The Kodak Duaflex II takes 12 exposures $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. square on Kodak 620 Film. Kodacolor, too.



Simplest of all cameras to use is the box-type such as the Brownie Hawkeye. This is the champ of all



Brownies with an oversize viewfinder and a shutter synchronized for flash. It's light, handy, and quick to get into action. Takes 12 negatives $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. square on Kodak 620 Films—black-and-white and color. Costs only \$7.20—Flashholder, \$3.39.



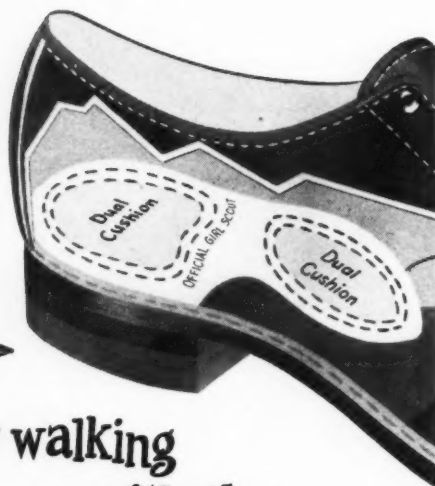
Miniature, eye-level cameras are very popular—especially the Kodak Pony 828. It has a $1/200$ th shutter for fast action shots and a Kodak Anaston $f/4.5$ Lumenized Lens. It takes fine color pictures on either Kodachrome or Kodacolor Film, and sharp, clear black-and-white negatives—uses 8 exposure Kodak 828 Films. Kodak Pony 828 Camera, \$31.15. Kodak Pony 135 Camera (takes 20- or 36-exposure film magazines) \$35.75. Kodak Flashholder with guard, \$10.55.

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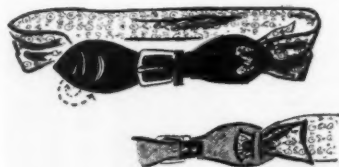
talk

by JONNI BURKE

Drawings by Lisl Well



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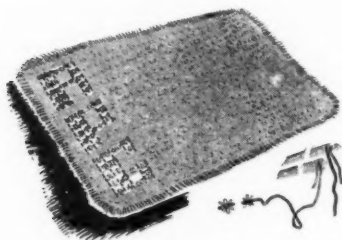
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"After he's had an RC there's
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that afternoon, Megs was dimly aware of hurricane preparations along the way, but she paid little heed. Not even the fat letter from Hugh which she found in the mailbox could penetrate her deep misery.

The letter was wonderful—that was what made it so awful; it made Hugh seem at once so close and so far away. He would have three days' leave next month, he said. Too little time to come home, but he thought his mother might fly up to visit him.

"You'd better get her to bring you, too, Mouse," he had ended, and Megs was torn between impatience at masculine obtuseness and a flood of tenderness. She folded the letter and then, flinging herself on the bed, wept stormily. She wanted so to see Hugh! And this afternoon she had made things worse than ever.

Later she wasn't sure whether it was the gusts of rain spattering on the window or whether it was the telephone that awakened her. As she went to answer it, she heard the Miami advisory over the radio, but in the midst of her private griefs nothing else seemed to matter. Then as she recognized Helen's voice over the wire she remembered. Helen and her nice husband, Bill, were in charge of disaster relief. Megs had promised weeks ago that if there were a bad storm she would help. But, she thought, Mrs. Gresham would be sure to be in the midst of everything, so she tried to make an excuse.

"But, Megs," Helen protested, "we're using the clinic for a refuge center this time. And you're the only one except me who knows where things are. Bill and I are going to take our car, and Mrs. Gresham (Megs winced) is going to take hers with her chauffeur, Parsons, to help. We should be able to get the few people who haven't cars of their own off the keys well before ten o'clock. Megs, you probably won't even see Mrs. Gresham. You will help? Oh, good girl!"

And so, as the rising gale began to whip the tall Australian pines that bordered the road to town, Bill deposited Megs at the clinic. While the rain beat at the boarded-up windows and a sprinkling of families from low-lying areas began to drift in, Megs got out bedding and lanterns, and answered telephone calls.

About half past eight Helen and Bill came in with some people from the keys, Bill very pale and with his wrist in a splint. He sat down limply on one of the cots.

"Tripped over a mangrove root in the dark and came down with my arm bent backward," he explained apologetically. "Thank goodness everyone is off Mangrove Key."

"And I guess off Coquina Key, too, by this time," added Helen. "Everyone there had transportation except Romey Peters and his mother, and some neighbors promised to leave them at the grocery store on this end of the bridge for Mrs. Gresham to pick up when she finished on Mangrove."

Helen pulled off Bill's raincoat carefully and sat down beside him. "I think that's Mrs. Gresham now," she said, as a door banged outside.

Megs flushed and rose, but before she could escape, Mrs. Gresham, with Parsons

trailing wetly behind, stood in the doorway, the rain streaming from her coat and from the scarf which bound up her short silver hair. She was as erect and poised as ever, but there was an anxious look on her usually serene brow. The anxiety was intensified when she learned of Bill's injury, but as her gaze turned to Megs, the concern appeared to give place to a cool, appraising quality which was hard for Megs to bear.

When she turned to Helen again, however, there was only concern in her face.

"I'm sorry to say," she said, "that her neighbors couldn't get Mrs. Peters to leave the trailer, and the bridge to Coquina Key

Gresham would hate the idea, but—Romey! "Will you let me help, please, Mrs. Gresham?" asked Megs.

It was strange to be going out in the *Scat* with Hugh's mother instead of Hugh, thought Megs, as they padded through the dark to the mooring. Always before the little boat had seemed to welcome her, but now she felt like an intruder. Well, intruder or not, she would get Romey safe to the mainland, and she wasn't going to entrust the business to someone who thought Romey wasn't worth curing!

But Mrs. Gresham was plenty sea-going, Megs admitted grudgingly, as the older woman deftly tied a float to the mooring line, stepped on the starter and cast off. They would work up the bay side of the key, she said, steering by the beacons, to the little cove where the Peters' trailer stood. "With any luck we should get in close enough for them to wade out to us," she concluded.

Megs nodded. In her mind's eye she could see the *Scat* chugging up the coast under power and herself carrying Romey out to it while Mrs. Peters followed docilely. And that'll satisfy you, she mentally addressed Mrs. Gresham. You'll have preserved your precious reputation for being a good manager even if you don't think much of the Peters!

In the open waters of the bay the waves were steep enough to send the *Scat* plunging down with each surge and recovering with a slap that jarred her from truck to keel. Megs steered while Mrs. Gresham made the line and spare anchor ready.

"Keep her stern to the wind and give her plenty of power, Megs," she called above the wind, but in spite of added power the *Scat* yawed badly. Plunge-slap. Plunge-slap. Megs clung to the wheel while the wind tore at her rubber coat.

Mrs. Gresham came forward and relieved Megs at the wheel. Gusts of wind were tearing in from the Gulf where the protecting key narrowed, and the *Scat* wallowed. The engine coughed, started, coughed again and stopped, and the boat began to drift broadside with the wind.

"Wet ignition," said Mrs. Gresham. "Or gunk in the carburetor jet," added Megs soberly as, without much hope, she pushed the starter button again.

"We'll have to anchor," Mrs. Gresham said, and at the word, Megs spilled a pool of water from her lap, scrambled forward, and, making the line secure to the sampson post, lowered the heavy anchor. The *Scat* came up into the wind with a jerk, the anchor bit, and Mrs. Gresham tried the starter again. The engine started, made a few revs, coughed, spat, and stopped.

Another try ended the same way, and for a moment the two huddled together on the thwart in silence. Then, "We'll have to use the sail to beat back home, I suppose," said Mrs. Gresham. "I don't think your aunt would thank me for taking you even this far, Megs," she added drily.

"But we can't turn back now!" Megs turned a dripping and aghast face to her companion. "Oh, Mrs. Gresham, please! I know Hugh's boat" (in spite of her anxiety



"Oh, yes—I was going out... to a costume party."

is out now. The tides have been high all afternoon, and the surge in from the Gulf just lifted it off."

"We sure did everything we could," said Parsons, wringing water out of his trouser leg.

"You didn't either of you try very hard, I'll bet. Distrust burned in Megs' eyes as they met Mrs. Gresham's squarely and then slid away from what seemed the polite but scarcely veiled indifference they found there.

There was a silence and then, "The Peters are our responsibility," said Mrs. Gresham. "I'll go for them in Hugh's boat, and someone can meet us with a car at our pier in the bayou. But I'll need one person to help. Bill, you're hors de combat. Helen, you're needed here. Parsons?"

"Ma'am, I'm no good on boats or with engines," said Parsons flatly. "Maybe I could get my brother-in-law, or my wife's cousin, but—"

Megs looked around the little circle anxiously. If they waited for Parsons to dig up some unwilling relative, the hurricane would be on them full force. She knew the *Scat* and the *Scat's* engine like a book. Mrs.

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The soap is in the pad

for Romey, Megs squirmed inwardly as she realized how unwelcome this reminder might be to Hugh's mother), "and I know she can make the cove under sail in any kind of weather. My Aunt Hat would want me to finish the job, too. She always says, 'You've just got to see a job through to the end.'" Megs set her small square chin stubbornly. "We can do it."

"We-e-ll," said Mrs. Gresham. She peered out at the stormy blackness ahead and then doubtfully at the furled sail. "It won't be an easy trip."

"We can do it," repeated Megs again.

Together they took the stops from the sail while the *Scat* pitched and lunged. Then, swinging onto the halyards, they hauled alternately on throat and peak. Once Megs lost her footing but she scrambled up, gritting her teeth with the pain of a barked shin; twice the boom narrowly missed Mrs. Gresham; but at last the madly slatting sail was up. Then Megs at the helm hauled in the sheet and Mrs. Gresham, now high in the air, now almost ducked in the dark waters, lifted the anchor. Then Megs spun the wheel, the *Scat* heeled far over, and was off with a rush into the blackness.

The wind increased, and the rain, which earlier in the evening had come in short squalls, now settled down into a steady drive which ran in rivers from Megs' sou'wester and all but blinded her. In the light from the cabin she could see Mrs. Gresham's straight-backed figure beside her holding the sheet, and something in the proud poise of the head reminded Megs of Hugh. If only, she thought, the resemblance to Hugh might include some liking for one Megs Applegate!

A beacon swooshed by on their port side and they were in darkness again. There was an interminable time of plunge-slap-lurch, many dousings, another beacon, and at long last they were rounding the arm of the cove where the light of the Peters' trailer gleamed feebly through the dark.

Mrs. Gresham took the wheel, headed the *Scat* into the wind, and in a series of short tacks got her to within a hundred yards or so of shore. Then there was an ominous scra-ape, and Megs, her heart in her mouth, sprang for the centerboard, sighing with relief as a wave lifted them off. Again they nosed in and again went aground on the bar, and Megs' heart sank. How were they ever going to get a little boy with braces on his legs through all that dark, angry water? And Mrs. Peters—there was no telling what she would do. Maybe it would be better to leave the Peters on dry land where they were. But by morning the waters might be clear over the key . . . And Megs remembered again Aunt Hat's "A person's just got to see a job through clear to the end." She peered out at the surging dark water and dropped her heavy waterproof on the deck. "I'm going to try to get ashore now," she said.

"Megs, I don't think—" began Mrs. Gresham, and then suddenly she also threw off her rubber coat and kilted her skirt up over her knees. "We'll both go," she said, and as she spoke scrambled forward and put over the anchor. Then she dropped over the side, followed by Megs.

"Take my hand," said Mrs. Gresham, and so, leaning into the wind and slipping on the oozy bottom, they breasted the waves. Once Mrs. Gresham stumbled as a sharp shell cut her ankle; twice Megs tripped and

Mrs. Gresham pulled her to her feet; but at last, gasping and shivering, they were pounding on the trailer door.

No, ma'am, I ain't going to set a foot outa here tonight," said Mrs. Peters firmly as they huddled around the lamp on the cluttered table.

"Really," said Mrs. Gresham, "I must insist—"

"Not one step," said Mrs. Peters. "It woulda been bad enough to go in a automobile, but I certainly ain't goin' out tonight in any boat."

"I want to go in the boat with Miss Megs," piped Romey, and Megs, perching on the edge of his bunk, gave him a little squeeze.

"Come on, Mrs. Peters," she said with a friendly smile, "anybody that can wade for stone crabs as you do shouldn't mind a little dunking."

"I really must insist," began Mrs. Gresham again.

"I ain't fond o' boats," broke in Mrs. Peters. "Always git sick to my stummick."

"Tell you what," said Megs. "You and Romey come into town with us tonight, and tomorrow while Romey gets a treatment you and I'll go to a movie."

"I don't think I hardly want to see a movie that much," said Mrs. Peters, but Megs could glimpse a small breach in the wall of her decision.

"And we'll have some chili afterward," added Megs, mentally bidding good-by to two Saturdays' pay.

"Well, maybe," said Mrs. Peters wavering.

"And cocoanut ice cream," added Megs recklessly. "All of us."

"Oh, Mom!" said Romey, his little pale face ecstatic under its shock of tow-colored hair.

Mrs. Peters' gaze traveled from Megs to Romey and back again. Then she rose and swept the remains of supper into the sink. "Okay, sister, you win," she said. "Wait till I git my crabbins' boots on and we'll go."

The trip back to the boat was a nightmare. Making a seat of their hands for Romey, Megs and Mrs. Gresham staggered through the waters, slipping, recovering themselves, trying with all the strength and determination they had to keep the little boy's head above water. Mrs. Peters floundered after and finally they reached the *Scat*. There Megs lifted Romey up to Mrs. Gresham and then boosted the groaning Mrs. Peters over the side of the pitching craft.

In the cabin Mrs. Gresham bundled Romey into dry things: an old sweater of Hugh's and a blanket from the bunk. The boy protested a little.

"That's all right, Romey," Megs heard Mrs. Gresham say comfortingly. "Shipwrecked sailors never have any pants. But we'll fix you up with a pair just like Hoppy's tomorrow."

Almost as if she liked him, as if he counted, thought Megs, as she balanced on the pitching companionway. Their eyes met as Mrs. Gresham laid Romey gently on the bunk. "Better get his mother in here with him," she said. "Now we'll up anchor and beat for home."

The trip back to the bayou, where the car was to meet them, was no fun. This time they had to beat into the wind, and that wind was still rising. Megs took the wheel and Mrs. Gresham the sheet, and when, from time to time, Mrs. Gresham snubbed the sheet on a cleat and from the

companionway called down reassuringly to Romey, Megs was surprised and grateful. Megs herself, clinging to the high side as the boat heeled over with the lee rail awash, felt she also needed some reassurance, and, curiously, found she got it each time she glimpsed Mrs. Gresham's erect figure in the light from the cabin. Somehow after this night's work she felt differently about Hugh's mother. If only the new feeling could be mutual.

Finally, after what seemed hours of beating up the channel, the last beacon glimmered in the darkness. Then there were a few more short tacks, and Megs, wet, bruised, and shivering, saw the headlights of the car. With one last effort she brought the boat alongside the pier, and soon they were handing Romey and his mother to Parsons.

Wearily they moored the *Scat*, and then, just before they leaped ashore, Megs felt a light touch on her shoulder.

"Well done, Megs," she heard. "Hugh would have been proud of his sailing partner."

An hour later, warm and dry, Megs sat with Mrs. Gresham in the big living room, sipping the hot milk Parsons brought.

"There's just one thing I want to know," said Mrs. Gresham, after they had reviewed the night's events. "How did you know just the right things to say to make Mrs. Peters come along? I made no progress at all." The fine eyes under the black brows were quizzical, but no longer aloof or appraising.

Megs looked into her milk cup. Then, although she flushed, she lifted her little square chin, and the gray eyes met the dark ones steadily and openly.

"I guess it was because, in a way, Mrs. Peters and I are the same sort of folks,"

she said. "I guess we're both what you'd call 'ordinary,' and so we understand each other . . . But isn't Romey sweet?" she asked quickly to stem what she thought might be a polite protest from Mrs. Gresham.

Mrs. Gresham smiled, and Megs suddenly knew where Hugh got the crinkly smile she loved so. "Yes," she said, "Romey's a darling. And Megs, if you don't mind my saying so, I think that if there is any resemblance between you and the Peters family, it's in your being somewhat of a darling like Romey rather than being 'ordinary' like his mother. And Megs, when you entertain Mrs. Peters, don't entirely appease her appetite. You may have to bribe her again to allow Romey to go to Warm Springs."

Megs looked up. "Romey is going? Oh, Mrs. Gresham!" Her color rose. "I'm sorry I sounded off about your not letting him go because he wasn't good material."

Mrs. Gresham smiled again, Hugh's own smile. "That's all right. I can see how you thought I was being a little 'choosy' as they say down here. But as someone remarked—was it only this afternoon? It seems a week ago!—'How are you going to know what a person's like until he's had a chance to show you?' Really and truly, Megs, I didn't need to be shown about Romey. I was only waiting until his mother would 'participate in the plan,' as Helen professionally puts it. But I have been shown tonight a good deal about a certain person who 'just has to see a job clear through to the end.' I hope we can be good friends now, Megs, and that sometime soon" (the dark eyes were very kind) "we can go on a little trip to Newport, drier and safer—and much more fun. Would you like that?"

"Oh, broth—! Oh, Mrs. Gresham, indeed I would!" said Megs.

THE END



not when you rate high with the crowd for good humor, a sweet manner—and a slick, out-of-the-box grooming!

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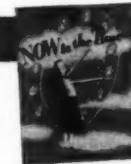
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Your Own Recipe Exchange (Continued from page 30)

Melt fat in deep skillet. Arrange a layer of onions in bottom of pan; next a layer of beef, then rice, then potatoes, celery, and beans. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over layers. Cover skillet and place over high heat until steaming freely. Then reduce heat to low and simmer $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours, until tender. Serves approximately 6.

Sent by SHARILYN LINDGREN, Axtell, Nebraska

CREOLE GUMBO

This recipe makes enough for 12, and the gumbo tastes even better the second day. So it is well worth the time needed to prepare it. You may use less seasoning if you wish.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 stewing chicken | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon black pepper |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pound lean beef | 1 teaspoon salt |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour | 1 quart fresh okra, or |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt | 2 cans okra |
| 3 tablespoons fat | 1 bunch celery, chopped |
| 2 cups water | 6 large onions, chopped |
| 1 slice ham, cubed or | 4 large bell peppers, chopped |
| 1 ham hock | 3 tablespoons fat |
| 3 quarts water | 2 #2 cans tomatoes |
| 2 cloves garlic, minced | 1 pound cooked, cleaned shrimp |
| 1 tablespoon minced parsley | |
| 4 bay leaves | |
| 1 teaspoon powdered thyme | |

Disjoint chicken, and cut beef into 1" cubes. Mix flour and salt, dredge chicken

and beef, and fry in skillet in hot fat until lightly browned on all sides. Remove meat, add 2 cups water to drippings in skillet, and cook until slightly thickened. Set aside. Put chicken, beef, and ham in large kettle with 3 quarts of water. Add garlic, parsley, bay leaves, thyme, pepper and salt. Cover and let simmer. Cook okra, celery, onions, and peppers in 3 tablespoons hot fat until tender. Add tomatoes and continue cooking and stirring until vegetables are nearly dry. Add to meat in kettle, cover, and let simmer about 2 hours. Add reserved gravy and cook 2 hours longer, or until liquid is rather thick. Add shrimp and simmer 10 minutes. Serve with rice.

Sent by FAY HAGEL, Lake Providence, Louisiana

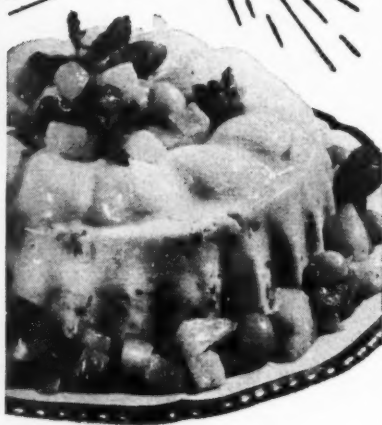
MEAT-BALL OVEN STEW

When a pound of ground beef can be stretched to serve 6 to 8, you have a real economy dish. Hot biscuits, cole slaw, and a fruit dessert would round out a fine meal.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 pound ground beef | 1 teaspoon chili powder |
| 2 tablespoons chopped onion | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk |
| 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper | 1 egg, slightly beaten |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup corn meal | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 2 tablespoons fat |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons dry mustard | 2 cups tomato juice |
| | 3 potatoes, quartered |
| | 6 carrots, halved |
| | 12 small onions |

Salt

It's a Salad PRESTO! It's a Dessert



This glorious, firm-textured canned-fruit-cocktail salad, which can double as a surprise dessert, is just the beginning. Hundreds of festive molded Gel-Cookery salads, desserts and main dishes combine all kinds of flavors and foods with the magic of high-protein Knox Unflavored Gelatine.

New ... Fruit-Bowl Salad-Dessert

1. Drain 1 cup juice from a can fruit cocktail. Water may be added to make 1 cup juice.
2. Soften 1 envelope Knox Unflavored Gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the above liquid. Bring the remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocktail syrup to a boil, add gelatine, 2 tablespoons sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Stir until thoroughly dissolved.
3. Cool to unbeaten egg white consistency.
4. Whip $\frac{1}{2}$ cup icy cold evaporated milk until fluffy, using well-chilled beater and bowl; then beat in 1 tablespoon lemon juice.
5. Fold into gelatine mixture which has been beaten until fluffy and fine textured.
6. Combine with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups, well drained, fruit cocktail, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nut meats. (If desired, use an additional $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fruit cocktail instead of nuts.)
7. Turn into a large mold and chill until firm.
8. Unmold and decorate, if desired, with salad greens or mayonnaise. Or, for a dessert, decorate with additional fruit cocktail.
9. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

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Combine first nine ingredients. Mix thoroughly, and form into 12 balls. Sprinkle with a little of the flour and brown in hot fat. Place meat balls in 4 quart casserole. Add remaining flour to fat in skillet, blend well. Add tomato juice and cook until thick. Pour over meat. Arrange vegetables around meat balls. Salt lightly. Cover and cook in moderate oven (350°) 1 hour. Serves 6 to 8.
Sent by BETTY JO KING, Calhan, Colorado

KALBS GUYLAS (VEAL GOULASH)

This is a famous dish from Vienna, where veal, paprika, and sour cream are used extensively in cooking.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| 4 tablespoons butter | 1 large tomato |
| 4 large onions, chopped | 1 green pepper, chopped |
| 2 pounds leg of veal | 2 tablespoons water |
| 1 teaspoon salt | $\frac{1}{2}$ of 2 oz. bottle of capers and liquid |
| $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper | 1 cup sour cream |
| 1 tablespoon paprika | |

Melt butter in a large saucepan with a close-fitting lid. Add onions and cook until golden brown. Cut meat into 1-inch cubes. Add meat and seasonings to onion and cook until meat is brown on all sides. Peel and dice tomato. Add to meat. Add green pepper and water. Cover and cook slowly for 45 minutes, adding a tablespoon of water from time to time as necessary. Add capers and sour cream, and cook 5 minutes longer. Serve with fine noodles or rice. Serves 4.
Sent by DRENA PEKKS, Jacksonville, Florida

SEAFOOD JAMBALAYA

Here is a meatless stew that is filling and delicious. Fresh, canned, or frozen shellfish and mushrooms may be used.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---|
| 1 cup rice | 1 medium onion |
| 4 tablespoons butter | chopped |
| 2 cups cooked shrimp or lobster | 1 cup celery, diced |
| 1 #2 can tomatoes | 1 small green pepper, chopped |
| 1 teaspoon salt | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked mushrooms, chopped |

Cook rice according to directions on package. Add remaining ingredients, mix well, and simmer slowly in a covered kettle for 2 hours. If you prefer, this can be cooked in a covered casserole in a slow oven (200°) for 2 hours. In either case, check carefully to be sure it does not dry out. A little water or tomato juice may be added as needed. The cooking time can be hastened somewhat if the onion, celery, and pepper are cooked in butter until slightly tender, but not brown, before adding to the rice.

Sent by FANNIE JOHN LEMOINE, Ames, Iowa

HEART GOULASH

This is quick and easy to prepare, since the meat is already cooked.

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 cup chopped cooked heart | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup chopped cooked pork | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced carrots |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ onion, chopped | 1 cup diced celery |
| 1 tablespoon fat | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomatoes |
| 1 cup water | 2 tablespoons water |
| | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream |

Brown meat and onion in fat in deep pan. Add water, salt, and vegetables, and cook 20 minutes. Make a smooth paste of flour and water, stir slowly into meat mixture, and cook until slightly thickened. Add sour cream and serve immediately with cooked rice or noodles. Serves 4.

Sent by JEAN SCHAEFER, Tenafly, N. J.

December Recipe Exchange

Subject: Candies

- The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the December issue must reach us by September 20.
- Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." Your recipe MUST be one that you have used successfully.
- JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed, The AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper.

Date Due: September 20

2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
4. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.
5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

What About Sunflowers?

by HELEN SPIECE

Sunflowers make a bright border along the garden fence and the birds love the seeds, but that isn't the limit of their use. The sunflower is a food crop of growing importance. Instead of selling it for cattle feed as in past years, the sunflower is being grown as a food for man. When roasted the seeds make a delicious nut, and during the wartime shortage of vegetable oils, an oil from sunflower seeds was developed for use in sandwich spreads and mayonnaise.

Chemists are also working on the possibilities of constructing many household tools out of a plastic from the sunflower.

THE END

Beauty Curriculum

(Continued from page 22)

or hand cream, and whatever make-up you need for use after gym and lunch period.

If your school is equipped with showers, it is most important that you use one after basketball or a gym workout. It is neither hygienic nor pleasant for your seatmates if you return to the classroom unwashed after strenuous exercise. (This is one of the main criticisms made by a group of boys in a recent survey of teen-age likes and dislikes, believe it or not. "We take showers after gym; why don't the girls do it?" they said.)

If your school is not equipped with showers, then do at least use the washbasins for a quick freshening up. Keep a small bottle or jar of deodorant in your locker to use before re-dressing. A bottle of some cool, delicately scented toilet lotion is pleasant for use as a rinse for the face as well. Just moisten a dab of cotton and wipe over face, neck, and arms. Wonderfully refreshing!

Be prepared for a rainy day! That means keeping a small shoebrush and perhaps some polish, too, in your locker, to remove the mud or muck of the streets if you get caught in the rain on the way to school. It also means keeping on hand a pair of slip-on rubbers and an umbrella, or at least a rubberized scarf for your head, for going home in an unexpected downpour. Those wonderful new gossamer raincoats which come complete with hood in a little envelope are fine accessories to stock in your locker. They save both your clothes and your curls. But be sure to bring them back again.

If you have graduated from bobby socks to stockings, keep an extra pair of those in your treasure box. (Storing them in a little plastic envelope will protect them from snags.) The girl with the run in her stocking will never win a good-grooming prize.

Make a habit of getting back to your locker from lunch period every day in time to give yourself a quick freshening with comb and brush, make-up, and general tidying up. So many girls start out at nine looking like new pins only to get to the afternoon classes a little more than wilted at the edges. Why? Because they lingered over one last bit of gossip till the second bell rang, then had to fly up the stairs, down the hall, and slide into their seats all flustered.

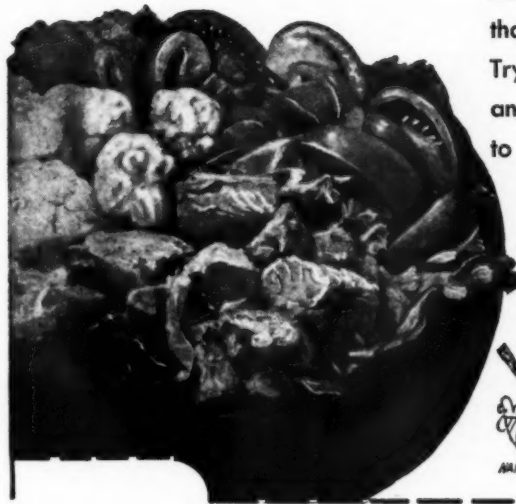
All this may sound very prissy and prim if you just can't see the importance of taking the time to be all of a piece unless it's for something very special. For it does take time, it does take forethought, above all it takes organization of both your time and your thinking. But it is worth it. Not only for now, this so-exciting now of fun and frolic, work and study, but for later, when how you look and how you *plan* the way you look become vitally important in getting a job, a husband, or both. And keeping them. These are your habit-forming years. By the time you graduate from high school (and that's not so very far away) the good habits will have become so much a part of you that they will be second nature, hardly seeming to demand time or much attention at all. The bad habits of careless grooming, of letting things go till the last moment, will be that much harder to break. If you have any spirit of self-respect, of wanting to put your best foot forward because it is your best foot, and therefore the best possible expression of yourself, you'll start forming the good habits this very minute. THE END

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Keep a Recipe Scrapbook



Here's an easy
main-dish salad
that makes the meal!
Try this recipe—
and add it
to your scrapbook!*



Sea 'n Shore Salad

Tops on any salad list . . . this good hearty *Sea 'n Shore Salad* served with delicious *Whole-Egg Mayonnaise*! Chill 1-lb. can salmon or two 7-oz. cans tuna fish, break into serving pieces, arrange on salad greens with ½ head

cauliflower flowerettes, and 2 wedge-cut tomatoes. Serve with ¾ cup Best Foods or Hellmann's *Real Mayonnaise* mixed with 3 tbs. chopped Fanning's "Bread and Butter" Pickles, and 1 tbs. lemon juice. (Serves 4.)



*Activity 17 for your Cook Proficiency Badge

...requires that you "Make a troop or patrol recipe book consisting of self-tested recipes for general cooking, each member contributing at least five." *Sea 'n Shore Salad* is a fine main-dish salad recipe to add—and to serve at home, too!



Famous for salads, for sandwiches, for sauces . . . you'll find Best Foods or Hellmann's *Real Mayonnaise* so good so many wonderful ways! It's finer in flavor, smoother in texture because it's the *Whole-Egg Mayonnaise* . . . made with *freshly broken whole eggs* plus extra egg yolks. *Taste* the difference between mayonnaise made with egg yolks alone and Best Foods or Hellmann's made with *whole eggs*. No wonder it's America's favorite mayonnaise!

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The Whole-Egg
Mayonnaise

IN THE WEST→

←IN THE EAST



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Think of it! More than TWO DOLLARS CASH PROFIT is waiting for you in these exciting boxes of famous Chilton Christmas Greetings. A GUARANTEED profit—you must make \$2.20 just by showing these cards to your friends and neighbors, or return them at our expense. Why is it so easy to make money showing Chilton Christmas Greetings? You'll know the answer the minute you look at these colorful, inspiring masterpieces. Not just ordinary run-of-the-mill cards that folks look at just once and throw away, but heartwarming, unforgettable CHILTON Greetings—so beautiful you'll be tempted to frame every one. See them for yourself, compare them with the most treasured cards you have ever given or received. Your own intelligence will tell you that there must be thousands of folks in your neighborhood who will be just as thrilled and delighted by these cards as you were . . . particularly when they discover that Chilton Christmas Greetings cost no more (and usually less) than just ordinary cards. Money will pour in on you! You will make a fat profit on every sale! You will earn \$10, \$20, \$50 and more, quickly and easily! And you don't need any experience—our free-money-making guide shows you how.

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Name.....

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....

Elizabeth Zane: Frontier Blockade Buster

(Continued from page 21)

seemed to throb with excitement as she walked quietly out the back door and toward the street. She moved slowly—so slowly that anyone seeing her would never guess that she was about to strike a blow for liberty.

At the hitching post she patted the nose of the one horse whose reins were tied to the post and turned her head to glance at the house. The doors and windows were closed tight.

No one was in sight. Slowly, cautiously, Betty untied the reins with one hand as she kept patting the horse with the other. Suddenly she felt the loose leather in her fingers and knew the reins were free. She held them tightly, feeling the sweat in her palm, as she forced herself to turn and look at the house again, half expecting to see a squad of redcoats aiming loaded muskets at her back. But no one was there. Quickly she passed the reins over the horse's head and climbed into the saddle.

"Come on!" she said softly, and jiggled the reins against the animal's neck. The horse wheeled away from the hitching post and the other thirty-nine mounts, all tied together, turned like a row of dancers and followed each other slowly down the road. Betty wanted to laugh and cry, but she only kept looking back at the quiet house, praying that none of the British would appear until she was out of sight.

She was close to the turn off to the forest trail when far back in the line, a horse neighed, and another. A moment later she saw a redcoat come out the front door. A second soldier appeared, and Betty heard their shouts. Were there also shots? She couldn't be sure. Desperately she slapped her horse's flank with her hand and kicked at his sides with her heels.

The horse leaped ahead into the friendly woods she knew by heart, woods in which the British would be lost.

Through the back trails she led her stolen enemy herd to the headquarters of General Washington and presented them to the Continental Army. Whether she gave the animals to Washington himself is not clear, nor is the location of his troops at that time. It was clear to Betty, however, that she would be hunted by every redcoat within miles, yet she wanted to return home to tell her parents she was safe.

Traveling by night, keeping under cover of the woods, she managed to get to the home of friends who carried a message to Mr. Zane that Betty was free and well.

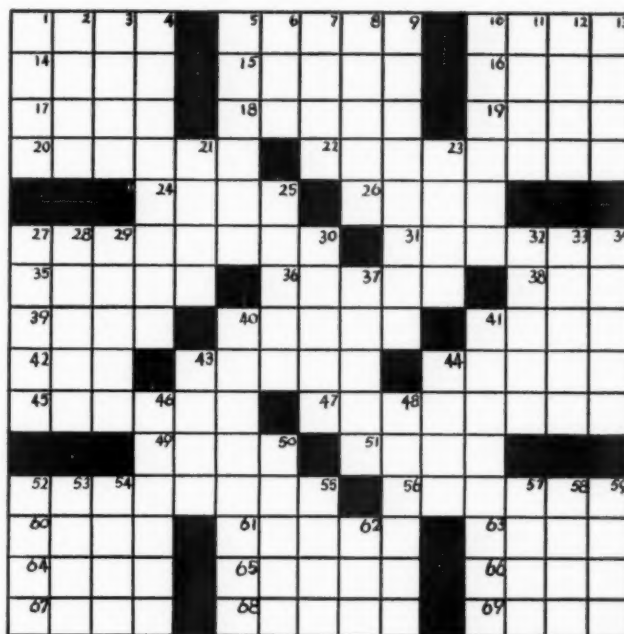
But learning that some soldiers remained in the town with special orders to arrest her on sight, Betty decided she must get away before she got her helpful friends in serious trouble for concealing her. So, at a night meeting with her father, she obtained his permission to go to Fort Henry and join her brothers.

And here she was at the fort, dipping water out of a free well for a free life in a wilderness far from the nice school she had attended, far from her comfortable home.

As she carried her bucket to the cabin, Betty remembered the earlier Indian attacks when Ebenezer's first cabin had been burned to the ground. That had been in 1777 when the British and their savage allies swooped down on Fort Henry to kill the pioneers who

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by DR. HARRY LANGMAN



ACROSS

1. A layman
5. Tree pod called St. John's Bread
10. Crop of a bird
14. Scandinavian epic
15. Worship
16. Den
17. Row of seats
18. Chills
19. Against
20. Steadfast
22. One who travels by auto-mobile
24. Holly tree
26. Minute skin opening
27. Diffused
31. Interwoven twigs used for fencing
35. Pertaining to birds
36. New
38. Female fowl
39. To register votes
40. An atom
41. Perforated ball used as jewelry
42. Piece out
43. Piece of material inserted in mortise
44. Oily, pitted fruit

45. Save
47. Reconstructed
49. Newts
51. Skewer
52. Excessively enthusiastic persons
56. Deed
60. Metallic earths
61. Middays
63. Brim
64. Ceremony
65. Man in charge of horses
66. Actor's part
67. Lump
68. Dispatches
69. Snow vehicle

DOWN

1. Allows
2. Mine opening
3. Notion
4. Fun festival
5. Stored (outdoors)
6. Fuss
7. Space
8. Lowest deck of ship of war
9. Presented
10. Red wine
11. Wife of rajah
12. River isles
13. Legal instrument
21. Family group under a chieftain
23. Spoken
25. One of the inert gases
27. What this magazine is printed on
28. Call forth
29. Irritates
30. Giver
32. Possessive pronoun
33. Depart
34. Finished
37. Contrivances to show wind direction
40. Gatherings of people
41. Ink absorbers
43. Cluster or clump
44. Pertaining to ear
46. Stops
48. Convulsions
50. Rating
52. Shape
53. Operatic air
54. Meshed fabrics
55. Presently
57. An image
58. Leer
59. Require
62. Drowse

For solution, turn to page 58

GIRLS...



This Exciting Easy Way!

Show Schoolmates, Friends, Neighbors Gorgeous New Gifts, Christmas Cards, Gift Wrappings

Extra cash for all your needs CAN BE YOURS. Whether you want money for new clothes, school supplies, equipment, group activities or a bank account... this is the way to get it.

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Personalized Christmas Cards, Initial, Scented and Floral Stationery, Gifts — plus BEST SELLERS ON APPROVAL

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Please rush me your Home Demonstrators and actual Best Sellers on approval, with all details of how I can make extra money quickly.

(Check one square and fill in spaces below.)

☐ Selling for myself. ☐ Selling for a group.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

would not surrender to the Crown. They had burned the few cabins outside the stockade, but the fort held and finally the attackers were driven off. Now Ebenezer had finished a new cabin with a strong storehouse for gunpowder.

"Now let 'em come, if they want to," Ebenezer had said. "We'll show 'em next time."

If there were a next time, Betty wondered what she would do. As she looked at the log walls and the muskets over the mantel, and the rough bunk in which she slept, she could not help thinking how different life at Fort Henry was from the life she had known.

For one thing, the smells were different in the wilderness. There were no shops here with fragrant aromas of cinnamon and nutmeg and sugarplums and olives. There were only the smells of pine and of wood smoke, which Betty liked, and of fish and tallow candles, which she didn't like. She had no pretty taffetas and cambrics; instead she wore her blue or brown homespun and calico dresses. Yes, life was strangely different here, Betty thought, and wondered once more how she, a girl from a Philadelphia finishing school, would act under fire in this wilderness.

Suddenly the cabin door opened and Ebenezer came in. Betty saw he was excited. "Get over to the fort," he told her. "Trouble comin'. Johnny Lynn, the scout, just came in from swimming the river. He saw a bunch of British and Indians on the other side heading this way. We'll be ready for 'em. Go on, now, get along with you."

Betty quivered with excitement. "But Ebenezer—aren't you coming too?"

"I can do more right here. And don't you worry—they can't get us this time! Andy Scott and George Green are coming over with their muskets, and three of the womenfolk will help us load. I told Johnny Lynn and brother Jonathan to stay in the sentry box and that you'd come and load for them. You remember how, don't you?"

"Of course."

"All right, then. Hurry up."

Betty left the cabin and sped across the clearing to the fort. Women and children and men from the twenty or twenty-five cabins outside the stockade hurried with her past the log gates. In a few minutes the gates were shut and barred, and people took posts around the fort.

Betty went directly to the white-oak log sentry box where her brother Jonathan and Johnny Lynn, the scout, peered through the musket openings toward the forest. They greeted her with smiles, calmly, as though an Indian attack were a daily occurrence.

Betty squinted through a crack between two of the logs toward the clearing near the river. Almost at the same instant she and Johnny Lynn cried out. "Look!"

The bright-red coat of a British soldier shone against the gold and brown of the autumn leaves. The British flag came into view, then there were more redcoats, intermingled with the buckskin worn by their Indian allies. Betty felt her throat grow dry and tight as she watched them approach. There were about fifty British soldiers, perhaps three hundred Indians. The garrison of the fort was outnumbered almost eight to one. And the Indians, Betty knew, all carried guns from the British arsenals on the Great Lakes.

A British officer called out: "In the name of His Majesty the King, I call upon you to surrender this fort."

Jonathan Zane squinted along the barrel of his musket, took careful aim. The shot exploded. The flagstaff carried by the British soldier splintered and fell, but the flag was immediately retrieved. Angriely the officer shouted a command. His men fired and took cover. The siege had begun.

Muskets boomed around the entire stockade. Shot after shot echoed from the cabin outpost where Ebenezer Zane and his friends helped to draw fire away from the fort. In the sentry box Betty doggedly molded bullets and loaded the muskets for Jonathan and Johnny. Bullets from enemy guns spattered against oak logs. Suddenly Betty squealed. "You hit?" Jonathan asked anxiously.

Betty glanced at her arm. Wooden splinters from the logs were sticking into her flesh, driven in by the British bullets smashing against the wood. They hurt, but she was glad she wasn't shot. She pulled out the larger splinters and tried to laugh, but it wasn't easy.

"Good girl," Jonathan said.

When darkness fell the firing lessened, and there were only occasional flashes from the blackness of the woods, with answering shots from the stockade. Several of the cabins outside the stockade were set afire, but Betty saw that Ebenezer's still stood.

For three days and nights the siege kept up. Flaming torches were hurled at the fort, but were dislodged by the defenders before they could do any damage. On the morning of the fourth day Silas Zane, who was in command in the fort, came to the sentry box.

"I haven't said anything to the others yet," he told Jonathan, "but our gunpowder's practically gone. We never expected any siege to last this long. Our extra powder is stored in Ebenezer's cabin, in the powder storehouse."

Betty understood the problem instantly. The cabin was nearly two hundred feet from the fort, across a clearing which could be raked by British and Indian gunfire. It would be almost sure death for anyone to cross that clearing. *Almost.* Perhaps she could do it. She could try. She could run fast. And she was a young girl—maybe they wouldn't shoot down a young girl. She grabbed Silas by the arm. "I'll go for the powder!"

Silas was so surprised he couldn't speak. He just looked at her rather queerly, then smiled and shook his head.

"It's out of the question," Jonathan said shortly. "Silas, you stay here. I'll go after the powder."

Betty wrung her hands in desperation. "No, no, Jonathan! I'm just a girl, don't you see? I'm not needed here as a man is. We can't let you go—we can't let any of the men go. There are few enough of them as it is. But I can go, and I won't be missed!"

The brothers glanced at each other, then Jonathan put one big arm around Betty's shoulders and hugged her. "I'd miss you." "She's right, Jonathan," Silas put in. "We do need all the men. Betty's a Zane. She's one of us. We can't ask any of the other women to go. We'll let Betty go."

Over Jonathan's protests Betty climbed down from the sentry box with Silas and went to the gate where she took off her coat and dress and pinned up her petticoats to speed her dash to Ebenezer's cabin.

She felt weak in her stomach and her legs seemed a little wobbly, but she tried to appear confident. "All right, Silas," she said. "Open the gate."

It seemed to her that she ran faster than

an arrow could fly. She heard a few shots but they served only to make her run faster. In a few minutes she reached the cabin door and sank, breathless, into Ebenezer's arms. He kissed her on the forehead and said, "You brave little fool! Where are your brains?"

She laughed as she fought for breath. "Get the—powder—out. I'm going to take some—back to the fort. Their supply is all gone. Whew!" She sat down, gasping.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Ebenezer said. "If anybody takes powder back to the fort, I'll take it."

George Green and Molly Scott, who were in the cabin, agreed with Ebenezer. It was a man's job, not a task for an eighteen-year-old girl, and Ebenezer was adamant.

Betty stood up, squared her shoulders, and raised her head high. "Eb," she said solemnly, "I'm going back one way or another. Would you want folks to call your sister a coward? Do you want me to lose my faith in myself?"

Ebenezer looked at her for a long moment. Then without a word he strode to the powder storehouse and returned with a keg of gunpowder, which he held as he faced Betty. She knew he was going to let her go. Quickly she pulled the cloth from the rough table and tied it around her waist, like an apron. She held the free corners in her hands.

"Empty the powder into this."

Her brother lifted the keg and poured the powder into the cloth. Betty turned and walked to the door. The powder was heavy. At the door she peeked out, saw that the British and Indians were in the forest, perhaps preparing for a final onslaught. "Quickly!" she cried. "Open the door!"

Betty darted out and began her dash across the field. Apparently the enemy realized what she was carrying. They began to shoot at her. She knew that one shot in the powder would probably blow her to kingdom come. The powder was even heavier than she thought, and the weight seemed to increase with each step. She prayed that she might not stumble and lose her precious burden. She heard a strange whistling noise and knew that a bullet had whizzed close to her head. Little spurts of dust around her told her that other bullets were nipping at her flying feet.

As she neared the fort she could hear the cries of encouragement from her friends, but it seemed years before she reached the stockade gate and almost fell into the arms of the men and women who held it open for her. Betty closed her eyes and breathed heavily, realizing only vaguely that someone was untying the tablecloth and lifting the heavy weight from her arms and waist. Then she fainted.

When she recovered consciousness a few minutes later the guns were firing from the fort again. On that day, September 14, 1782, the enemy withdrew, and a British soldier fired the last enemy bullet in the Revolutionary War. It was answered by a shot from a musket in Fort Henry—the very last shot in the battle for American independence. And it was fired with powder carried through a hail of bullets by a brave American girl.

The Zanes founded Wheeling, West Virginia, Zanesville, Ohio, and other American towns. Betty Zane later married, had several children, and lived happily until 1823, when she died in Martins Ferry, Ohio. Her grave-stone was marked, "Betty Zane—Heroine of Fort Henry," and the story of brave, beautiful Betty Zane was told up and down the Ohio river.

THE END



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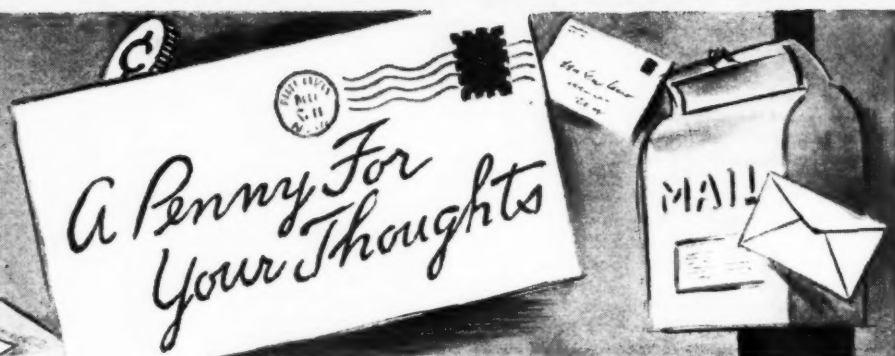
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20 Boxes in 2 Hours' Time



"I'm thrilled with the beauty of these cards and so are my customers. I have now sold about 20 boxes . . . in about two hours." — Bernice Johnson, So. Dakota



CLEVELAND, OHIO: I was very disappointed in the July issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

The first thing I was disappointed in was that there was no *Prize Purchase*.

I enjoyed this feature so much that I bought a suit and a matching quilted shorts and blouse set referred to in it.

The second thing was this month's cover. I like the fashions on the covers much better than these paintings, although I think Mr. Carter is an excellent painter.

I have enjoyed your magazine very much since my first issue in January, 1952. I especially enjoyed your serial *Double Date*.

HARRIET BEBOUT

BANARAS, INDIA: Your magazine *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has been passed on to me by my mutual girl friend who has highly recommended to this girl magazine.

I read your paper with great joy and interest, liked especially *Big Sister Role*, *Fly the Blue Peter*, and *Double Date* story in December issue. I have not yet seen such kind of girl magazine. I am sure that this magazine is very interesting and useful for our young girl friends of the globe. I want to congratulate you on the excellence of your magazine, *AMERICAN GIRL*.

MUNNI NAGAR (age 14)

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA: Pruett Carter's idea of a typical American girl was really a wonderful cover. I thought that *Fair Enough* and *My Crazy Kid Brother* were both excellent stories. *Letter Perfect* helped me a great deal. *The Music Stand* is something to look forward to because I am very interested in popular music.

HANNAH KITEY (age 11)

HINSDALE, ILLINOIS: I enjoy your magazine very much, and especially the stories! I loved *Double Date* so much that I bought the book. I enjoy *The Music Stand* and *By You* very much, too. I'm not what you'd call the domestic type, so I don't use your articles on food and sewing, but I love your features on sports. I just acquired my junior lifesaving award, so *The Water's Fine!* interested me. I would like to see a good informative article on horseback riding soon. Also, for us older readers, it would be nice to have some more features about social graces, dating, and the rest. I've been subscribing to your magazine for several years, and although I have not been a Girl Scout for two years, I still find it very interesting.

While reading *A Penny for Your Thoughts* in the July issue, I saw a letter from Airdrie, Scotland. I was really surprised to find that this girl gets the magazine from a girl who was in my gym class this year! (It really is a coincidence, because Hinsdale High has

just 800 students.) I think it's wonderful that girls all over the world enjoy it.

GALE LINCK (age 15)

COTATI, CALIFORNIA: I am especially interested in your features *The Music Stand*, *Books*, *Speaking of Movies*, *Your Own Recipe Exchange*, *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, and patterns. They all pertain to my hobbies and activities. I also pay a lot of attention to your articles on good looks and grooming.

Last but certainly not least, I think your stories of girls in other countries are really wonderful because they give us an understanding of other young people of today. This creating of understanding between young people, whether we all realize it or not, is very important today!

ANNA MARIE CHRISTENSEN (age 14)

WEST DE PERE, WISCONSIN: *Fair Enough* was truly wonderful, but I didn't like *My Crazy Kid Brother* very well. *Royal Romance* was swell too. Your fashions are always good. Your July cover girl is very pretty.

Believe me, *Letter Perfect* is perfect. *Let's Take a Picture* was fun to read. Your articles *Pack Your Beauty Bag* and *These Made History* were very nice. They have helped my friends and me very much. We use this book at home and at school. Everyone in our family thinks it is good.

I enjoy the *Recipe Exchange* very much, because I am working on my cook badge at Girl Scouts. I just loved the feature *Double-Dividend Cottons*. I'd like to see more stories like *Fair Enough* in your magazine. I am a Girl Scout and your articles about Scouts help me quite a bit.

NOLA BROZYNA (age 12)

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND: I have been getting *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for over a year now from our local library and I think it is wonderful. I enjoy the articles and Girl Scouting news. So far I have enjoyed all the stories but I would like one about nursing. I also like the fashions very much.

In New Zealand we do not have Girl Scouts but Girl Guides who range in age from eleven to sixteen. After that we enter Rangers, a senior branch of Guiding. I am in the Royal Oak Company. We have a captain and lieutenant who do the organizing and four patrols. I am the patrol leader of the Clematis Patrol. There are six in my patrol. The whole company does Morse and semaphore and plays many games as well as going for hikes and camps. For our first class we have to write about Guides in other countries and I find your news most helpful.

JANET WELLBORNE (age 15)

VALMEYER, ILLINOIS: I had to write to congratulate you on the wonderful story *My Crazy Kid Brother*. As I have a kid brother too, I understand just how Jeanie felt. I'm sure everyone who has a kid brother enjoyed the story.

I also want to congratulate you on the whole July issue. I think it is one of the best you've had.

I would like to see an article on airline hostesses very much.

MARGARET J. RITZEL (age 14)

CHARLEROI, PENNSYLVANIA: If I took each of your issues and told you what I liked in each one I could write a book. I am just going to say I like your magazine very, very much. Besides enjoying the magazine I also have learned more about international relations, good manners, better appearance, and a million more things.

In short, I think your magazine is just "superific." Please have more stories like *Double Date*.

MARY ANN MARTUCCI (age 14)

ELM CITY, NORTH CAROLINA: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for about four years and have, for the most, enjoyed it except for your covers. They all have a posed look!

Why can't we have covers with girls playing softball, swimming, etc., instead of the covers with the girls just standing or sitting around smiling? After all, where can you find an average American girl sitting around all dressed up?

GEORGIA A. FARMER (age 14)

PLAINVIEW, TEXAS: We enjoy your magazine very much, and because of this we have started a club bearing the name of your magazine. All of the members of our club take *THE AMERICAN GIRL* magazine.

We enjoy your serial *The Wind Blows Free* very much. We live about sixty miles from Canyon, Texas, where the author, Loula Grace Erdman, lives. We have read several of her books.

We would like more career stories, such as nursing.

We really go for your recipe and *By You* sections.

IVA NOWELL (age 13)

LINDA MOORE (age 13)

GLENN BLAKE (age 12)

IRIS NOWELL (age 13)

TOLEDO, OHIO: Words don't express how I feel about your July cover. It's the best yet. I can hardly wait for the next issue to see what happens in *The Wind Blows Free*. I especially liked *Royal Romance*, and also *Let's Take a Picture* as photography

(Continued on page 46)

with this



or this



Wear this New style



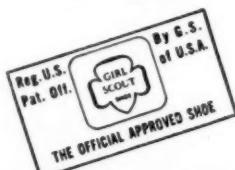
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is one of my hobbies. Could you have some articles about places of interest in the United States?

NANCY FRY (age 15)

GLEN HEAD, NEW YORK: I simply had to write and tell you what a marvelous magazine *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is.

I have a pen pal in England and one in Scotland and as soon as I am finished with this super magazine I quickly send it to them. They both love it just as much as I do.

I am a Curved Bar Girl Scout and every article in your magazine interests me, but my favorite feature is always *A Penny for Your Thoughts*.

LESLIE HITTORFF (age 14)

EAST IPSWICH, AUSTRALIA: My Girl Scout pen friend sent me a few copies of your magazine and from what I have seen it is indeed marvelous. I especially like your *Jokes*, *All Over the Map*, and this page.

While at the Girl Guide Jubilee International Camp last year at Sydney I saw the Mariner Girl Scout uniform and I like it very much. There were there two Girl Scout representatives from the United States; two Chinese Guides from Rabaul; eight Ceylonese in their saris; two whites and three natives (in their grass skirts and leis) from Papua, New Guinea; and one New Zealander, besides the many Australian representatives from each State and the two Territories, in their navy and light blue tunics and hats. It was a lovely camp, and the first of its kind in Australia.

I am also sending something to *All Over the Map*.

NOLA ROGERS (age 15)

ROCKBRIDGE, ILLINOIS: Your *AMERICAN GIRL* cover was wonderful for July. I showed it to some of my pals and they all loved the whole book.

I save all the crossword puzzles and try to fill them out. The dresses for this month are just what I want for school when it starts.

FAYE BAKER (age 14)

RAYMOND, NEBRASKA: Three cheers for Pruett Carter's wonderful cover painting. I think that this cover is the best I have seen on any magazine.

MARY NISSEN (age 16)

CASTRO VALLEY, CALIFORNIA: Congratulations to Pruett Carter for the wonderful July cover. *Royal Romance* was especially interesting to me as I have recently written to two girls in Thailand. *Letter Perfect* was a great help to me. I have read many of the books you have written about, and have thoroughly enjoyed all of your serials. *The Wind Blows Free* is very interesting, and I can hardly wait for the next part. Could you please have an article on ballet dancing?

CATHERINE DEAN (age 13)

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY: I think all your covers are beautiful. I especially enjoyed the story *The Human-Interest Angle*. I think all your patterns are darling. I am a member of Girl Scout Troop 145. The *By You* section I certainly enjoy.

LYNNORA ALUKONIS (age 12)

CLEMSON, SOUTH CAROLINA: During the Fourth of July holiday, our entire family

went to Savannah, Georgia, to visit my uncle and at the same time enjoy the beach. On our return from the beach, we were just cruising along sightseeing, when suddenly I spotted an old home and the name, Girl Scouts, suddenly caught my eye. My daddy drove around the block and we came back to this old building and then I discovered it was the home of the founder of the Girl Scouts, Juliette Low. The building was closed for visiting. However, I enjoyed myself very much just walking around the outside. I enjoy *THE AMERICAN GIRL* very much.

JO ANN SMITH (age 9)

WYOMING, OHIO: I have received *THE AMERICAN GIRL* since the beginning of the year and like it very much. I especially enjoyed the story *Double Date*. I hope you have another one like it. I also enjoyed *The Music Stand* since I take clarinet, piano, and drum lessons. I showed it to my music teacher and she said it was very good. I like horses very much and wish you would have more stories about them.

I became a First Class Scout this year but I never would have if it hadn't been for many of the helpful hints in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

MARTHA STRAIN (age 11)

APOLLO, PENNSYLVANIA: I dislike your serial *The Wind Blows Free*. Your *Jokes* are good, and your articles on teen-agers from other countries prove very interesting. I sent the article *Teen-Ager . . . French Style* which appeared in the February, 1952, issue to my pen pal in France, Genevieve L'Haufeur. As yet, I haven't had a reply from her. She seems very interested in the lives of American girls.

WINNIE NALE (age 14)

P. S. One thing I forgot, I sometimes don't agree with the art awards in the *By You* department.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN: I am not a member of the Girl Scouts, but I certainly enjoy your articles telling about their activities anyway.

I also like your short stories such as *Fair Enough* and *My Crazy Kid Brother*. They are true to life and very interesting.

I write to several friends, so your article called *Letter Perfect* was very helpful.

MARLENE SCHMIDT (age 15)

SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK: I think your magazine is the best magazine I've ever read. It's even better than comic books.

Fair Enough and *My Crazy Kid Brother* were wonderful.

Best of luck to a wonderful magazine.

ALBERTA KNAPP

CORDER, MISSOURI: I think the serial *The Wind Blows Free* is very good. It means more to me than any other serial or story in your magazine. The reason is that I know the author, Miss Loula Grace Erdman. She has visited in our home many times, and has given a book review in our school.

I wish you would print more stories.

NORMA AHLE (age 14)

Please send your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

SPECIAL *

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AG 9-52

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(Good from Sept. 1 to Nov. 10, 1952)

AG 9-52



Paul Parker

MERRILY WE HIKE ALONG

by CATHARINE C. REILEY

Adapted from the book "Hiking in Town or Country," published by the Girl Scouts of the United States of America

Games to play, some songs
to sing, things to do when
taking to the trail



SNOOPS: Activity along the way: Play Roadside Cribbage. Activity at site: Find dried cattails, milkweed, grasses, seed pods, reeds, corn husks, nuts, which can later be used in craft projects. Gather articles for terrariums. A game to play: Feel It. Put a few specimens in a paper bag, let everyone feel the objects and without looking guess what they are. A song to sing: "Green Grow the Rushes-Ho."



WINTER: All along the trail you follow look for tracks—rabbit, squirrel, dog, or man. Gather Christmas greens or search for a Yule log to bring home. At the site: Sketch tree silhouettes, do snow sculpture, make a bird's Christmas tree. Star-gazing is a wonderful activity for a night hike in winter. Choose Hunting as a game to play and sing, sing—for instance, "Now Robin Lend to Me Thy Bow."



EVENING HIKE: Activities along the way: Find north by the stars. Learn to recognize some constellations. Tell stories about

them. Try flashlight signaling. Activities at site: Hold a campfire with stories, dramatics, songs. Include star-gazing. Games to play: Campfire games. Ghosts. Songs to sing: "Walking at Night," "Whip-Poor-Will," "Rise Up, O Flame."



COOK-OUT HIKE: Activities along the way: Go hobo-style with all equipment packed in large bandannas hanging from sticks. Activities at site: Cook breakfast, lunch, or dinner on the trail. Songs to sing: "When Your Potato's Done," "Ho! Every Sleeper Waken," "Graces."



INTERNATIONAL: Lay and follow a trail to stores, homes, museums, libraries, where interesting things from other countries can be seen. Some of the trees, plants, and shrubs growing along your trail are probably from lands across the sea, too. Do you know, for instance, that the European plane tree comes from China? That the dandelion grows in all lands? That Queen Anne's lace is a native of the Mediterranean area, and Greece in particular? That barberry came to us from Japan? Discuss the items seen when you arrive at your site. Folk dances and songs will add to your good time. Play games from other countries such as Pass the Fox, New Zealand Game, Chinese Puzzle Game. And surely you'll want to sing some international songs like "Our Chalet Song," and "Yonder Lies the World Before Us."



TRAILING AND MAPPING: For your activity along the way, agree first on a site, then divide into two groups. Each group takes a different route. One group draws a sketch map of the route and the other lays trail signs. On the way back exchange routes and follow the other group's signs and map. At the site: Practice purifying water and then make lemonade, using lemon powder. How about a camper's hour to review basic outdoor skills? A scavenger hunt for nature objects is a fine game to play. You'll also enjoy a string-burning contest; Boil, Water, Boil; Tie and Run. A song to sing: "The Keeper."

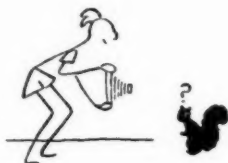


INDIANS: Can you walk like an Indian—as quietly as possible in single file? This is fun for your activity along the way. Take along some muslin to use in an experiment with natural dyes at your chosen site. Make headbands of dyed muslin. Keep happy by singing Indian-inspired songs like these: "Navajo Happy Song," "Sun Worshippers."



WATER: Activities along the way: Follow a stream or brook. Look for all sorts of water life such as "skaters," "water dogs," tadpoles, fish. Activities at site: Make and

sail tiny boats. Use your jackknives to whittle them. Decorate with twigs, grasses, and leaves. Games to play: Follow the Leader (without getting your feet wet). Songs to sing: "The Brooklet," "Peace of the River." "By the Clear Running Fountain."



CRAFTS: Activities while you hike: Take photos of people, places, and things of interest along the way. Activities at site: Make designs using nature motifs for a block-printing session later. Do some sketching and prepare your own charcoal. Games to play: Whittling.



GYPSIES: Get into the proper spirit by wearing a bandanna on your head. Have two or three troop members set up a treasure hunt beforehand. The gypsy treasure can be candy and fruit. Prepare instruction slips such as, "Go to the beech tree one hundred yards away where the gypsies gather." At the beech tree have another set of instructions and so on. See how many other uses there are for a bandanna when hiking. Make necklaces and bracelet of nuts. Dramatize "Tancuj." Play games like Robinson Crusoe and Sealed Orders. Maintain a true gypsy mood by singing, "Tancuj," "A Gypsy Song," "Zither I," "Whirling Maiden."



TREES: A delightful springtime hike! Notice the different kinds of flowers or seeds on the trees. From memory can you describe the bark of several different trees? The shape of the leaves? Activities at site: Identify a few trees by their bark, flowers or seeds, and leaves, and learn some new ones. Do activities from the Tree badge. Games to play: I Am a Tree, Secret Leaves. Play Hide and Seek, using trees as hiding places, or Tree Tag. Songs to sing: "The Ash Grove," "Tree Song," "Wind in the Willows," "The Birch Tree."

Directions for the games mentioned here can be found in "Games for Girl Scouts." The songs can be found in "The Ditty Bag" and in "Sing Together—A Girl Scout Song Book," all published by the Girl Scouts of the United States of America. Order them from your Girl Scout equipment catalogue.

THE END

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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All Over the Map

Headline News in Girl Scouting

IN A FEW DAYS school bells will ring out all over the land, calling Girl Scouts to grade school, high school, or college. Among the new students on the beautiful campus of Skidmore College in Saratoga Springs, New York, will be Jean Landby of Ossining, New York, winner of the Girl Scout scholarship offered annually by the college.

Jean has been an enthusiastic Girl Scout ever since the day she joined the Brownies, eleven years ago. She earned the Curved Bar as an Intermediate, went on to Senior Service Scouting, joined the Mariners, and then became a Troop Aide with troop camping as one of her special activities. Last year she attended the All-States Camp at Cody, Wyoming; and in the fall she attended the Girl Scout national convention in Boston as a representative of the Senior Scouts of Ossining. She is a member of the Region II Girl Scout Advisory Committee. Jean says she plans to continue in Girl Scouting, because she finds it stimulating and interesting.

Skidmore's Girl Scout scholarship is awarded each year to the candidate who, in the opinion of the college's Committee on Financial Aid, is the best qualified of the candidates recommended by the national Girl Scout organization. Jean is a winner of whom Girl Scouts can well be proud, and we all offer her our congratulations and best wishes.

SPEAKING OF SCHOOL, Senior Scouts of Troop 1 in Holton, Kansas, have found that a schoolbook exchange is both a fine community service and a profitable fund-raising project.

At the suggestion of the county superintendent of schools, the troop and its leader worked out a plan for a countywide book exchange to be run by the girls. The use of a vacant store on the town square was donated by the owner; trestle tables were loaned by a local church; equipment, including a typewriter, was loaned by relatives and friends. Then the Scouts announced in the local paper and with posters that during a specified week they would receive used schoolbooks for resale. As the books were brought to the store they were sorted, catalogued, and priced. Those in good condition were priced at sixty per cent of the original cost; those that showed signs of wear and tear were priced according to their condition.

The next week the sale started. A notice posted in the store gave the percentage of



Mariner Scouts of Greater New York on board a giant Navy transport, where they learned about housekeeping Navy style

the price of each book which would go to the owner, and the percentage which would go to the Girl Scouts. An envelope was attached to each book, on which was listed the owner's name, the amount he would receive, and the Scouts' share. When the book was sold, the owner's share was put in the envelope, which was then carefully filed so that it could be found easily when called for.

Such a venture is by no means all pie and ice cream. The girls and the adults who helped them had plenty of work to do. But they all felt it was worth the effort, and the girls learned good business practices as they checked and priced the books, waited on customers, made change, ran the adding machine, and kept careful records of money and sales. Business exceeded all expectations, and when their first book exchange closed, the Holton Seniors found that they had taken in over seven hundred and fifty dollars. About two hundred dollars was their share. The very first things they did were to buy new Senior uniforms for the whole troop, and to contribute toward the purchase of a television set for the county home!

AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL GUIDE, Nola Rogers, has sent us this very interesting account of a Guide Week celebration. Nola is the wreath bearer in the photograph on the opposite page.

"We in the Cunningham Division (the area around Ipswich) hold a Guide Week every year in April, to show in different ways what we Guides can do. This year

we started with the Guide concert, which was a huge success, with Ranger and Brownie plays, folk dancing, a tableau, and individual items run solely by the Guides. On Saturday we held an interpatrol competition for the Mavis Parkinson Shield. Mavis Parkinson was a Guide in Ipswich before World War II. She became a missionary and went to various Pacific islands. She was killed during the war. One of our captains thought of the idea of the shield to honor the memory of her good works and bravery, and so in 1946 the first interpatrol competition was held.

"The competition is changed every year, but there is mainly first aid, fire and cooking, and signaling, besides little odds and ends. This year one Guide from each patrol had to ride a bike to an ambulance station; another had to collect specimens of nature; two others had to administer first aid, make a stretcher from two poles and a blazer, and carry the patient back to the centre,

and then cook food for her. We were inspected for our neatness and what and how we carried our hiking equipment. In the night we attended a huge campfire and the country Guides had to be billeted at the town Guides' homes.

"On Sunday we all attended church parades and in the afternoon we farewelled the country Guides home. Monday was a rest day, but on Tuesday the Trefoil Guild (ex-Guides over twenty-one years old) held a tennis tournament. In the night the mother-and-daughter dinner was held. This, as you will imagine, is a dinner just for the Guides and their mothers, and the Guides arrange and cater it. Wednesday the Local Association held their meeting and on Thursday a street stall was run by the Local Association also.

"Friday was Anzac Day, when Australians commemorate the tragic dawn landing of the Australian and New Zealand army corps at Gallipoli in World War I. Our Guides laid a wreath at an Anzac monument at the dawn service, and in the afternoon marched in the street march to another service. Guide Week ended on Saturday with the Brownies' Revels. A beautiful toadstool was presented to the winning Brownie pack. Besides the above-mentioned, a display of handicrafts by Guides was in one of the shop windows, and throughout the week cardboard badges were sold to the public.

"We always enjoy Guide Week, as it is our very own, and we are already looking ahead to the next one."

"LOOK AT THE SIZE of that coffeepot!" exclaimed the Mariner Scout. The "coffeepot" was an eighty-gallon soup kettle; the Mariner, a visitor on board the Navy transport *General Maurice Rose*.

While the giant Military Sea Transportation Service Transport (as it is officially known) was berthed at Staten Island, New York, a group of pre-nursing students, and Brooklyn and Manhattan Mariners, were invited to visit the ship. As the guests of Rear Admiral John M. Will they toured the transport—which is used to carry overseas the families of servicemen, troops, and cargo—from stem to stern. They watched the preparation, stowage, and serving of food; were treated to an extra-special Navy meal; heard a fascinating lecture on the Navy's system of handling food supplies.

An officer from the Navy's Commissary Research Facility in Bayonne, New Jersey, told the girls about the problems of feeding the men while keeping our fighting ships at sea "the longest length of time possible." He explained the differences between the menu planning of the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force. Next a member of the Navy's Bureau of Supplies and Accounts told the girls about the Navy's recipe service. The present Navy cookbook, they learned, is printed on washable cardboard file cards. It contains more than seven hundred recipes, and is revised every ten years. They were told that fifteen men from the country's leading food firms meet semiannually to work out recipes for new dishes, and that these recipes are tested and checked at the Navy Commissary Research Facility before being included in the cookbook. The whole visit was an object lesson in nutrition and food preparation on a giant scale which the girls found intensely interesting.

The Mariner Scouts were particularly interested in all they saw and heard, because they are part of a group which each summer assists the staff of the New York St. John's Guild Floating Hospital. On the cruises of this hospital ship the Mariners help to care for the underprivileged children and attend to chores aboard ship. The visit to the Navy transport gave them many new ideas which will prove useful in this community service.

SENIOR GIRL SCOUTS of Worland, Wyoming, have found an opportunity for community service at their local hospital. The program



Their excellent reporting won for these troop scribes the camperships awarded by the Scranton, Pennsylvania, Council



Senior Girl Scouts of Worland, Wyoming, report for duty at their local hospital, where they are serving regularly as nurses' aides



Australian Guides on their way to take part in a memorial dawn service on Anzac Day

began five years ago when Senior Scouts began working in pairs at the Washakie Memorial Hospital for two hours daily. From four until six they carried food trays to patients and took them back to the kitchen when the patients had finished. This small-scale service soon grew into more responsible duties. The girls learned how to make a hospital bed; how to clean a room after a patient's dismissal; how to feed and make comfortable patients unable to help themselves.

Every week during the last two years, Senior Scouts have given a combined total of eighteen hours of supervised service. They wear trim green-and-white striped jumpers and white cotton blouses, a uniform which they designed and made themselves. On schooldays they work from four until six; on Saturdays and Sundays they serve an additional four hours. Working in pairs, the girls report promptly to the nurse in charge of the floor to which they have been assigned, and are given a list of patients whom they may help. This releases the nurse to care for seriously ill patients, who thus benefit also from the Scouts' voluntary service.

Many of the girls are planning nursing careers as a result of their hospital experience. To all of them, the reward for their work has been a deeper realization of the satisfaction that is gained from helping others.

TO ENCOURAGE TROOP SCRIBES to put their best pens forward, the Scranton Girl Scout Council each year awards camperships at their established camp to scribes whose reports of troop activities have been outstanding.

Every fall, each troop elects a scribe who sends her reports of troop activities to the Scranton Girl Scout Council office. There the scribes editor reads the reports and incorporates the news into a weekly column for a local paper.

The scribes work hard on their reports, doing their best to keep in mind the scribe campership requirements: regularity, promptness, accuracy, neatness, originality, and news value. This year's winners, chosen from about one hundred and four troop scribes, included four Brownies, three Intermediates, and three Seniors. While they are at Camp Archbald, many of the girls will serve as unit reporters, and each will have an opportunity to write about her stay at camp for the local newspaper.

THE END



Blueprint for Planning

When Senior Scouts join forces on a planning board, things really start happening

by MARGERY LAWRENCE

AS A JOLT from the rut of everyday things have you ever had a Date Debate? Or a Dungaree Hop? Or an intensive training program to blaze the way to more and better camping?

Plenty of girls are finding good fun in Senior Scouting by digging in on projects like these. But what makes them doubly good fun—unique and exciting—is that the girls *themselves* are originating, developing, and carrying out the programs. All over the country Senior Scouts who are mature enough to want broader contacts than just their troops and who are willing to take on some pretty adult responsibilities are making new friends, learning new leadership skills, and finding deeper satisfaction by working on their local Senior planning boards.

Now, just what is a Senior Scout planning board? It is an elected group of Senior Scouts who represent their troop members as they help to build Senior Scouting in their council. Unless a council is so big that it has hundreds of Senior troops, which happens in some of the metropolitan cities, the common patterns seem to be to have each troop elect one or two representatives to the board. In this way information comes in to the planning board and new developments go back to the troops in a hurry. Most groups have a president, vice-president, sec-

retary, treasurer—the same community-organization pattern you have been using and will be using the rest of your lives! Small boards, and those that don't get themselves swamped with projects, can handle their business at monthly meetings. More complex boards often form subcommittees of a permanent or temporary nature to work out details between board meetings and bring their recommendations to the board for action of that total group. Few boards meet in the summer, and all seem to be sensible about canceling meetings when holidays or school exams would keep members away. Budgets vary, but a contribution from all troops that are entitled to representation is a fairly standard way to finance the usual running expenses of such a group.

Each board has an adult adviser. Many advisers tell us that their main role is to know Girl Scout policies backward and forward and to be well supplied with such realistic questions as "why" and "how." Advisers do not chair meetings, take over discussions, plan agendas, or write the board's thank-you notes. But they do keep the adult committees informed and the leaders up to date on what goes on when Seniors have the chance to learn to manage their own affairs.

The plan is simple, but it can be powerful! Many boards are giving Senior Scouts a new

lease on life, sometimes real adventure, sometimes less exciting but equally important chances to discuss and discover that other people are struggling with problems like their own. Let's take a little swing around for a look at some highlights:

Middletown, Ohio, had a Date Debate with the Explorer Scouts of their town. Not a little, giggly "I wonder if?" and "Do you suppose?" session, but a real "We like this, but don't like that!" give-and-take discussion.

Greater New York Seniors delved into much the same subject when they tackled the question, "How do you rate with your date?" These were some of the topics on the agenda: Going steady. (Plenty of girls on both the pro and con sides made this a lively forum). Etiquette (emphasis was put on just plain courtesy and consideration rather than anything too formal). Characteristics of a good date. (Opinions flew thick and fast here.) Did the girls come to any definite conclusions? "No," said an attractive sixteen-year-old New York Senior with a grin. "We didn't plan to come to any specific decisions on the subject. What we wanted was just a good exchange of ideas and we got a lot of them. Plenty to think about and use later."

More and more coed events are becoming

a vital part of planning-board programs. It's amazing, Seniors say, how important camping skills become when the Explorers are instructing, or how quickly the boys pick up the fine points of cooking when Seniors take over the leadership!

Palmerton, Pennsylvania's, Seniors earned themselves some real prestige in their town when they put on a Mardi gras. Here was a test of basic skills in both over-all organization and detail, for it was a really big affair open to all high school students. Carrying through the Mardi-gras idea in style called for good planning all the way down the line. Although dancing was the chief entertainment, there were also various gaily decorated booths for games and refreshments. Girls from all Senior troops participated in this project which was co-ordinated at the planning board meetings.

The Buffalo, New York, Planning Board pulled itself out of a rut when its harassed adviser asked in despair, "What keeps you in Senior Scouting?" The response was an overwhelming "Camping!"; yet a little sleuthing showed that only one third of the girls had been able to have a camping experience in the past year. The resulting "Blaze-the-Way" training project on improving camping skills was climaxed by a Senior Scout week-end in June. This was patterned after the World Friendship film, with each troop going as a separate unit, being assigned a plot of ground, and building its site from the ground up. The only things available to them were tools and water. Preparation became a part of every troop's program, and special meetings were arranged by the board to help any girl really wobble in camping skills. The consultants were labeled "axeperts," and the list included adults proficient in camping, leaders, counselors, professionals, parents, and some counselors-in-training. The check list of necessary skills was prepared by a Trail-Blazer troop, and the board voted that every girl who attended must be able to pass every item on the list. A Blaze-the-Way booklet, which was sent to every interested Senior, outlined the details of the week end and the standards which had to be met. It was an exciting program because it was exactly what the girls wanted. More study and research was happily given to the endless details than ever went into preparation for exams.

Equally exciting are the many service projects, too numerous to mention here, that are being planned and developed through senior planning boards all over the country. Yes, planning boards offer something bigger for those who are ready for it. Such a board has continuity so that special projects can be part of a whole plan for good times in Girl Scouting. Ever make the statement: "It's the same old thing every year! We never seem to get any place!"? Well, this very continuity makes it possible for annual events to be progressively more challenging. Each year stiffer tests of skills must be met and so as the project grows, so must the girl. A planning board gives all Seniors in a council a place to be in touch with other troops, to get help on problems from other troops, to launch a good idea or to state a gripe. Because the planning board is, in a sense, a "collective" voice, representative of all Senior Scouts, it is a strong voice, able to present to the adults, clearly and concisely, the wants and needs of the girls.

If there are more than fifty Senior Scouts in your council you may want to consider

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When I Fall in Love—Doris Day (Columbia)
Whistle My Love—Beaver Valley Sweethearts (Victor)
You Belong to Me—Jo Stafford (Columbia)

The long golden days and crisp nights of autumn seem to invite an appreciative listening to the world's great music. One of the most interesting things about musical compositions is that they often reflect their composers' lives or partially describe the people and countries in which they lived. Each country has its favorite composers and certain native music which might be called songs of the land itself. These melodies with their folk echoes, dance rhythms, and sweeping crescendos of patriotic fervor express the love of the composers for the traditions and beauties of their native lands. Often there is one composing giant who towers above his fellows in creating such music and who thus appears to be the spokesman for a particular nation. By listening to his music one can get the feel of a country and perhaps learn to love it.

Jan Sibelius was Finland's poet-composer and his lovely tone poem, *Finlandia*, has become a musical symbol of freedom and happiness to Finland's often oppressed people. Its strains bring to mind the sun-warmed Scandinavia landscape and the rippling waters that lap the shores of the coastland.

Edvard Grieg, with his *Lyric Pieces* for piano, expresses his love for Norwegian nature and reflects his country's folklore and legend. His harmonic and rhythmic skill render the *Pieces* delightful and nostalgic. The musical compositions of *Song of Norway* conveyed Grieg's emotional feelings toward his country and its traditions.

In the modern idiom Béla Bartók is the musical spokesman for the Hungarians and

his greatest music is based on the melodies of the people themselves, their folk songs and dances. He collected thousands of folk songs and captured their barbaric and passionate vitality in his own compositions. His *Concerto for Orchestra* might be called a Hungarian tribute.

Spanish music had a reawakening with the coming of Manuel de Falla, whose musical contributions successfully wedded the spirit and flavor of Spanish life and early compositions with the modern form. His *Nights in the Gardens of Spain* is an orchestral work in three movements which depict three different Spanish pictures or scenes. Poetic and colorful, this work is reminiscent of festivals and dances yet has a mystery and melancholy all its own.

Dvorak is Czechoslovakia's greatest offering to the musical scene and is particularly famous for his *Slavonic Dances* and folk pieces, vibrant with the action and flair of Bohemian gypsy life.

More about the musical spokesmen of different countries another time; but try to improve your knowledge of our world neighbors by familiarizing yourself with their musical descriptions. Books and stories, paintings, dances, and travelogues provide valuable background for your musical enjoyment of a land, too. If you like, pick a country and compile notes about the land, its people, and their arts and crafts. A sample musical entry might be: "de Falla, Manuel—1876-1946, Spain, (biographical information) famous for *El Amor Brujo*, ballet, and *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*, orchestral work. Influenced by French school, developed modern Spanish idiom in music." Include brief descriptions about your favorite works and add to your record collection by purchasing these albums. Consult your library, music teacher, and radio and TV programs to learn data and hear compositions you'll want to include. You can gradually add other countries and other composers until one day you'll find you have a comprehensive musical dictionary!

Excellent recordings of the works mentioned above are: *Finlandia*, Rodzinski conducting the Cleveland Orchestra, Columbia; *Lyric Pieces*, various pieces separately for Columbia; *Concerto for Orchestra*, Reiner conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony for Columbia; *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*, Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra for Victor; *Slavonic Dances*, Talich and Czech Philharmonic for Victor.

Two new MGM albums that are especially delightful are *Melodies from Far Away Places* which includes *La Vie En Rose*, *Tico-Tico* and *Malaguena*; also *Alex Alstone at the Piano* which features ever-lovelies like *Symphony*, *So Deep My Love*, *Sonata*, and *Faithful*. The first album is rendered by the harmonious Nocturnes and the second by the very talented pianist Alstone who is expert at creating mood music.

THE END

forming a board. (With less than that, it seems unnecessary to work with the representative government when more girls can get into the fun by the direct method. Such small groups might form a senior association with the usual officers. Meetings two or three times a year would keep everyone in touch, and make co-operation on highlights much more fun.) Sometimes adults from the program committee or the leaders will come to you suggesting a planning board; but you do not have to wait for this. Sound out other Seniors, those in your troop, or from your unit at camp. If interest is high, talk it over with your leaders and be prepared to go to the adults with your proposal.

Plan your presentation to include these things:

1. Why you want a board.
2. What it will bring to Senior Scouting in your council which you do not now have.
3. How the first steps toward organizing should be handled.

This will also be valuable material when you are ready to "sell" the idea to all Seniors.

Girl Scouts have been discovering that the same skills they learned in making the Court of Honor click and the troop hum smoothly stand them in good stead in the school council or class committees. Senior planning boards and their special committees offer the opportunity to exercise these skills in a bigger and more important way. In turn, these polished skills will be of value in both college and career. Being prepared for "responsibility in the home and as active citizens in the community and the world" is more than a quotation from the purpose of your Girl Scout organization. They are smooth words that add up to a very full and happy life.

THE END

Dear Marey

(Continued from page 29)

told me they were all right, of course, but that when you had a figure like hers it was hard to be fitted anywhere. I hadn't noticed there was anything especially wrong with her figure, and said so, adding that the Empire State Building must be—but she was talking again. She explained to me that her ankles were too thick and her shoulders too narrow. I said again I hadn't noticed it, and how was the weather in New York? Were the summers terribly hot?

They were pretty bad, Caroline said. "For anybody with curly hair they're all right, of course," she said, "but my hair is so thin and scraggly—the humidity makes it look awful."

By the end of an hour I couldn't wait to get away from her. She bored me to death—bored and embarrassed me. I was always having to think of variations on "Oh, no, they're not," or "It doesn't look that way—honestly."

For heaven's sake, I thought, when she had gone, who would ever notice her eyes or her shoulders or her hair? But I did want to talk to her—and who could help noticing her dopey conversation?

Next afternoon I dropped in on a friend of mine. She was dressing to go somewhere with her gang and telling me all about it when I interrupted her. "Gee," I said, "if I had hips like yours, I could wear shorts too. But on me they—" And suddenly I stopped. I sounded just like Caroline!

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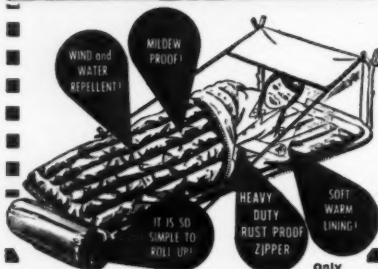
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And then, surprisingly, I thought of something my mother had often said: that good manners are what make other people feel comfortable. I had always assumed she meant things like offering a guest the best chair, but now, for the first time, it occurred to me that to make people feel as uncomfortable as Caroline had made me—and as I had just made my friend feel—was about as rude as it was possible to be.

I think you were just that rude today, Marcy. You crashed in on the girls' pleasure over Pat's dress with the utterly irrelevant remark that your face was too round. Maybe it was true, but it didn't exactly keep the conversational ball rolling, did it? Remember that dead pause? And when they were discussing "Romeo and Juliet," knowing perfectly well that only one lucky creature would win the leading role, you were the one who demanded sympathy in advance for failing to get it.

I know what you're thinking: But I was only pointing out that I wasn't going to be any competition—that everybody knows I wouldn't be chosen.

But if everybody knows it, Marcy, why did you have to point it out? Didn't you really say it—as I know I used to—to let them know you knew? Weren't you assuring them that though you might have a round face and heaven knows how many other defects, nevertheless you were bright enough to recognize them?

That's not being so bright, Marcy. All of

us recognize our own defects. We have mirrors, haven't we? And nobody is perfect. For all I know, Helen of Troy secretly mourned a bump on her nose. But she would certainly never have launched a thousand ships if she'd bored people to death telling them about it all the time.

I have troubles myself, for that matter. I don't want to sit here far into the night worrying about you. But you insist upon it. The minute you mentioned the shape of your face this afternoon, I felt upset.

Oh dear, I thought, she's suffering. She's apparently smart enough to know what kind of a neckline most effectively minimizes a round face, yet she wants everybody to notice it anyway. She's suffering, and she demands that others suffer with her!

Do you wonder I wanted to shake you?

When people have big troubles, Marcy—illness and grief, insufficient money, and grave responsibilities—the world thinks it's noble of them not to refer to the fact at all, not to burden their friends with their great problems. Hasn't it ever occurred to you that the world is just as grateful to people who keep their little problems to themselves?

All right, I've finished now. And tell me honestly, Marcy, hasn't this letter bored you? Aren't you tired of hearing about your defects? Don't you agree with me that there are one or two more interesting subjects in the world? Let's talk about them for a change.

THE END

The Wind Blows Free (Continued from page 19)

The next day the big storm came. It began at nightfall, and when they woke in the morning the world was all a great piece of whiteness. The ground was covered with it, the sky was filled with it. It kept falling, so the air itself was another part of the whiteness.

"Well," Papa said, "I guess I can't get to town for a day or two." He and the twins went out to take care of the horses, the cow, and the calf. They came back, stamping and blowing on their hands, bringing the bucket of milk and a few eggs.

"Golly!" Dick said. "The wind cuts your face like a knife."

The snow kept up all day long. By the following morning it was level with the dug-out windows, so the room seemed buried in whiteness. Papa opened the door and went up the steps, the boys at his heels.

"Does it seem to be letting up?" Mama asked.

"I'm afraid not," he answered. "And it's still drifting. The drifts between here and the shed are higher than our heads."

They looked at each other, then at the calendar. "It doesn't look as if we're going to get to town," Mama said.

They would have to do without oranges. That would seem strange and unnatural. Oranges were as much a part of Christmas as a tree. And there would be no candy either, the hard, many-colored kind that left a pleasant taste of peppermint or wintergreen in the mouth.

And they did not have a tree! Melinda thought about it but said nothing. It was the morning of Christmas Eve when Katie said, "We don't have a tree! How can we have Christmas without a tree?"

They looked at each other blankly. Then Papa said sadly, "I guess we'll have to do without a tree this year, Katie."

They had come to a treeless land, and to

drive fifteen miles or more for a Christmas tree would be not only foolish but in this snow impossible.

Carolyn began to cry. "I want a Christmas tree," she sobbed.

It was as if the light had gone out of everything—their presents they had thought so fine, the excitement of preparation, the joy of solving their own difficulties. It was all gone because none of them knew how to tell a child that even Santa Claus could not work the miracle of a Christmas tree in the treeless Panhandle.

The day passed slowly. Everyone was on edge. They tried to be gay but their hearts were not in it. Carolyn went to bed first, holding her doll tight. "When we wake up," she told the doll, "Santa will already have been here. And he's going to leave candy and a tree."

Mama pulled the curtain around the bed and began to make molasses candy. The boys played Indian softly, stacking up chairs for a fort. Melinda watched them. Those chairs were just as real to the twins as a fort or trees to hide behind while they shot Indians. They were so busy pretending they weren't even thinking about not having a tree for Christmas. A tree!

Suddenly Melinda jumped up. "Mama!" she cried. "Papa! I've thought of something. I know how we can have a Christmas tree! Rapidly she outlined her plan."

They all began to work together, carrying out Melinda's idea. They left the two chairs as the boys had tied them together, and because of this Bert and Dick claimed most of the credit for the plan. Melinda was unhappy about that until Papa said casually, "Melinda, remember there's no end to the good any one can do if he doesn't care who gets the credit."

The chairs were wrapped with strips of green stuff Mama had been saving for a

rag carpet. "I can use it afterward," she said.

Soon the upright chair was all green, from the colored sheets of the Wish Book they cut little strips of paper. These were pasted to make circles, one inside the other, until the whole made a beautiful chain—red, blue, pink, and green. Using strips of newspaper, the boys made other chains that looked exactly like popcorn strings when they were finished.

When the last chain was hung on the tree, the family stood back to survey it.

"Golly!" Bert said. "If that isn't the prettiest tree I ever saw."

"Now," Mama said, "you take turns coming over here and whispering to me where you've hidden your gifts for the others. Then you can go to bed and I'll put the presents under the tree."

Melinda's last glimpse before she fell asleep was the beautiful bright greenness of the Christmas tree with its garlands of white and colored chains. As she looked she could have sworn that the chairs turned slowly but unmistakably into a real tree with spreading branches and strings of popcorn and glowing candles.

Christmas morning the sun was shining through the dugout window. Mama, in a new calico dress, was cooking breakfast. There was the tree, covered with a sheet just the way Mama always did it. No one could have a look at anything until he was dressed. That was the rule.

When they were all dressed, Mama walked over to the tree and removed the sheet. No one said a word. They waited for Carolyn to speak. That was the test. The child circled it, turning her head from side to side. Finally she spoke. "It's the most beautiful tree I ever saw," she told them sincerely.

That settled it. They joined hands, as they had done every Christmas since they could remember, and danced around the tree. "Merry Christmas!" they sang. "Merry Christmas!"

It was the loveliest Christmas Melinda ever remembered. She was surprised that she should feel that way and annoyed that she hardly thought of East Texas the whole day long. Mama and Papa gave her a copy of "Ivanhoe." It was wonderful to be grown-up enough to have your parents give you a real novel. The fact that it had belonged to Papa served only to enhance its value.

As Melinda looked at Carolyn, happy with her new doll, and at the faces of her family aglow with delight over the home-made gifts, the improvised tree, and the joy of the day itself, she thought that oranges and candy and store gifts didn't make Christmas. You made Christmas yourself, out of whatever materials you had at hand. Mostly, you made it out of love.

By the middle of January the big snow was completely gone. The weather was warm and bright, the sky a cloudless blue. It was hard to realize that only a short while ago the land had been locked in the white cold grip of ice and snow.

Nick and Herman came riding over, bringing a package with them.

"It's Grandmother's Christmas package for you children," Mama told them.

The cowboys talked about the storm. "Now the one in eighty-six," Nick said, "that was a real booger. The big die-up, the old-timers call it."

"That's what I hear," Papa said. "Foster tells me that storm was the reason for all



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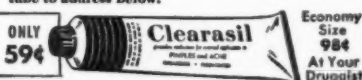
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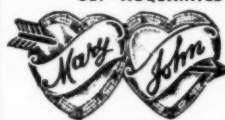
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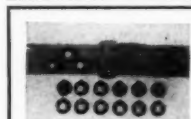
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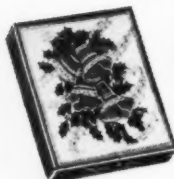
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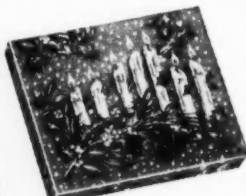
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Please rush samples and full details of your money-making plan.
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City State

those bones of animals left on the prairie."
"I reckon those bones won't be lying around much longer," Herman said. "People are collecting them and selling them for fertilizer. They take 'em over to the road and the freighters haul them away and bring back the check."

The cowboys mounted and rode off into the blue nothingness of the range, singing a sad and mournful song. It floated back behind them like the trail of smoke a railroad engine leaves in its wake.

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie—
"Where the coyotes howl, and the wind blows free—"

The boys were always singing it, but they didn't mean it. Alive or dead, they would rather be on the prairie than any other place in the world.

It was funny to open a Christmas box in January. There were red mittens and tops and knitted scarves for the boys, doll clothes for Carolyn, a storybook for Katie, and for Melinda a box of water colors and some white paper on which to paint.

"Oh, M'linda," Katie breathed softly. "You can use them, too, Katie," Melinda offered.

"Oh, M'linda!" Katie cried. "Thank you." The family began to plan for spring. Papa measured off with his eye the additional plot he meant to plant in maize. That meant a fence, and fences cost money. In the spring there would be another land payment due and groceries to be bought.

"There's no reason we can't do a bit of bone-gathering ourselves," Papa said. "I'll start tomorrow."

They all promised to help. Next day, Mama drove the team with Carolyn beside her, while Papa stood on the wagon piling up the bones which the boys, Melinda, and Katie collected and handed to him as they went along. The bones were white and dry and warm with the sun's rays.

Melinda would far rather be out here than inside the dugout. The wind was blowing a little and the air felt light and free. Presently she and Katie drove, while Mama and Carolyn took their turn handing bones up to Papa. Each time the wagon was full, Papa and the boys hauled the load over to the road and unloaded it to await the arrival of the freighters who were to take the bones to town, collect the money, and bring it back to Papa, after taking out their own pay for handling.

The day the first money came was a proud time for all the Pierces. Each child must have his turn holding it.

"You all helped earn it," Papa told them. That made them all want to touch it again. They were grave and proud. They knew it was not money alone they held, but land payment, groceries, wire fence. The fence would protect the maize, so it was future crops as well.

The twins were saving for a horse of their own. "Papa," Dick said, "we know where there is a great big pile of bones over toward the cowboys' camp."

"I don't believe we'll gather any more," Papa decided. "I need to start plowing while this good weather holds."

"We could gather them for ourselves," Bert explained. "Nick said there was a pony at the ranch we could buy cheap."

Papa considered the matter. "I could dig postholes tomorrow and let you use the team all day, but you couldn't get many in one day working alone."

"I could drive the team," Melinda offered.

"And I could help pick up, too," Katie said.

"Oh, thank you," the boys chorused.

So the next day Melinda drove the wagon along the road, following the boys' directions until they reached the big pile of bones. Nothing else was in sight. Melinda thought this land must reach to the end of the very edge of the world, empty save for them. Never before had she felt the bigness of the country as she did now, the wide blue sky, the flat empty miles, even the wild, free wind that blew so constantly.

"Oh, looky!" Bert cried, bending over to pick up something from the grass. He held up an arrowhead.

This had been Indian land, and the white man had taken it away. No wonder Indians still got off the reservation every once in a while and tried to make things uncomfortable for the men who had put them there.

As Melinda drove the wagon to a new place she looked up every now and then to be sure they weren't getting away from the faintly marked road. She well knew how easy it was to wander off and get lost. When she looked up again, what she saw seemed to stop the orderly procession of blood through her body, leaving in its place something icy and cold. She stopped the team, stood up in the wagon, and looked again. She must be mistaken. But she wasn't.

Just over a slight rise in the land, half a mile away perhaps, a group of Indians was riding along. She could see them silhouetted against the bright blue of the sky, their moving heads just visible above the dun grass. They were riding single file, their heads bare. Cowboys wore big hats. These must be Indians. They had stopped now, and she made herself count them. There were a good dozen or more, hidden behind the slight rise over which they were riding. At any moment they might come forward, the terrible sound of their war whoops on the air.

Of course, they might be friendly Indians, but if so, why were they hiding behind that ridge of ground? She shivered and thought more rapidly than she had ever thought in her life. She was the oldest, she must decide what to do, and quickly. They could get into the wagon and start driving fast for home, but however rapidly they went, the Indians could outrace them. She looked again. The file of Indians seemed to be moving in the direction in which the

ANSWER TO THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 41

L	A	I	C	C	A	R	O	B	C	R	A	W
E	D	D	A	A	D	O	R	E	L	A	I	R
T	I	E	R	C	O	O	L	S	A	N	T	I
S	T	A	N	C	H	M	O	T	O	R	I	S
I	L	E	X	P	O	R	E					
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A	V	I	A	N	N	O	V	E	L	H	E	N
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F	A	N	A	T	I	C	S	A	C	T	I	O
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M	A	S	S	S	E	N	D	S	S	L	E	D

wagon was going. She must warn Katie and the boys, but how could she do it without betraying herself to the watching Indians?

She looked back over the road they had traveled. They were about three miles from home. That would make them four miles from the cowboys' camp. It would be better to try for home, but if the Indians gave chase, what then? She should have a plan before she warned the others. Suddenly she remembered a story of how Great-grandmother Tillery, as a young girl, almost surrounded by hostile Indians, had played calmly on, gradually edging toward home until she was close enough to run for it. Melinda decided that was what they would do.

She turned the wagon around. "Boys," she said, keeping her voice steady, "don't look for a minute, but over there, to the left, is a bunch of Indians."

Dick looked and turned white around the month, his freckles standing out bright on his pale face. Katie began to sob and Bert looked terror-stricken. Then Melinda told them what they must do. She would get down off the wagon and they would play a game, as Great-grandmother had done. When they were near enough to home, they would run for it. "We'll play London Bridge."

Katie and Melinda held up their arms, and Dick and Bert started ducking under.

"London Bridge is falling down," the four of them sang.

How funny and cracked their voices sounded, Melinda thought, just as hers and Katie's had the night they were lost on the creek. She looked over her shoulder. The line of Indians was perfectly still.

"I think we could get in the wagon and drive a little way," Melinda suggested. They piled in. Melinda took the lines and started the team. They had gone only a little way when Bert said suddenly, "Melinda, I think, well, I think maybe we better stop again."

That meant he had seen the Indians move. Melinda stopped the wagon, they all got out, and lined up again for London Bridge. Then far away Melinda heard the sound of a horse approaching. Help was coming, but what could one horseman do against a dozen Indians?

(To be concluded)

A Riddle of "OZ"

by BORIS RANDOLPH

You don't have to be a "Wizard of Oz," however, to complete the "O Z" words below, following the definitions given. Each blank represents a letter.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Twelve | — O Z — |
| 2. Sleep | — — O Z — |
| 3. Metal | — — O Z — |
| 4. Sky line | — O — Z — |
| 5. Snug | — O Z — |
| 6. Learn by heart | — — O — Z — |
| 7. Nap | — O Z — |
| 8. Iced | — — O Z — |
| 9. Settle in a new land | O — — — Z — |
| 10. Combine with oxygen | — — — — Z — |
| 11. Form a labor group | — — — O — Z — |
| 12. Hear Yel | O — — Z! |
| 13. Confine to a definite place | — O — — — Z — |
| 14. Air purifier | O Z — — — |
| 15. Gem | — — O — Z |
| 16. Flow slowly | O — Z — — |
| 17. Make excuses | — — O — — — Z — |
| 18. Frighten | — — — — O — Z — |
| 19. Know again | — — — O — — Z — |
| 20. Adore | — — O — — Z — |

Please turn to page 68 for the answer.

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Nursing as a Career

Fiction Award

Sue slipped her warm cape around her shoulders and stepped outside. The cool wind whirled the leaves around her feet. The sun had set and it was hard to distinguish things in the evening dusk.

Suddenly the white hospital loomed before her. As she stepped inside, the smell of sanitation greeted her and a smile flickered across her face. So, this was to be her life.

Sue walked into Ward 7. The day nurse gave her a nodding smile and walked out. Sue slipped out of her cape and started answering last-minute calls.

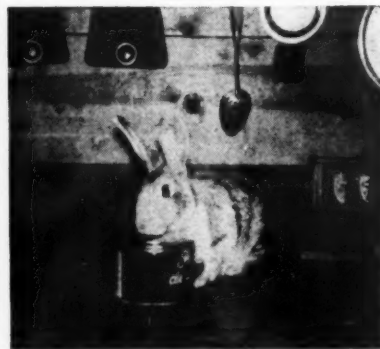
Mrs. Folsum wanted her window lowered slightly. Mr. Smith wanted his back rubbed.

Then finally the rush was over. Sue sat down to make out her record for the night.

Suddenly a shrill whistle sounded and then, "Suzie! Come on out and play."

"Just a minute, Bobbie." Sue answered. "I have to put my dolls and things away."

ALICE GERSEMA (age 14) Eagle, Idaho



PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:

PEARL E. BARNES (age 14) Baldwinsville, New York

The Play

Nonfiction Award

Such experiences as traveling in the jungles of Africa and climbing the highest mountains of Tibet are not equal to the excitement and adventure to be found when going to the play. The play itself is an adventure. I receive a thrill from simply standing in line for my ticket, having it torn, and then holding the stub in my hand, the stub which is my transportation to a different world.

When I buy a ticket for a seat, it is for one of two extremes. It is either for an orchestra seat which is the best, and offers one the opportunity to dress up and revel in the treat of front-row entertainment, or it is for the gallery, which is the most romantic, and where one sits to enjoy the entertainment. But, it is never any other seat. I wouldn't think of sitting in the middle, however good the seat, for I consider it mediocre, dull, and completely devoid of any imagination.

Once the majority of the audience is seated, the orchestra then enters the pit, for there must be music to set the scene and reflect the incidents and the emotion felt on the stage.

Once the orchestra is tuned, the conductor mounts the podium and raises his baton, while the house lights dim and the curtain is raised.

For the length of time that the play is enacted, you are never you, sitting in a theater,

viewing a play. You are in a completely different world. Your soul and mind are embodied in the main character. His feelings, his thoughts, his emotions are yours. You don't view the play, nor do you judge it; you live it.

And when the play is over, your ears throb with the sound of the applause of the audience as the curtain opens to reveal the actors smiling and bowing.

In a length of time so short that it is surprising, the theater is empty. The audience has left, the instruments of the orchestra have been removed, and the musicians with them, and perhaps the custodian has already begun to sweep the empty stage. A startling silence is now present, where just a short time ago there was so much life. The play is done.

JULIE LAMONT (age 13) Los Angeles, California

"None but the Lonely Heart"

Fiction Award

The sea was a shimmering green mist with sunlight dancing on its quiet waters. A sea gull flew up high above the blue horizon and shattered the silence with its shrill cry. In the warm sand lay a young girl. The wind played with her light golden hair and her eyes matched the green of the sea. The girl was beautiful and the girl was also alone. But had not her life been always filled with loneliness? There had never been anything else but a search for fame. Her childhood and teens were an endless succession of rehearsals, dramatic, voice and dancing lessons with no time for friends or play. Now she had reached her goal; she was a star. Night after night she thrilled her audience with her acting. Critics raved about her young charm and depth of emotion, and her name was a household word.

Despite her success there was an empty void in her heart, which had made her sneak away from rehearsal and come out here alone. There was a want in her for someone to share her triumphs. She had friends, of course, but they were older, theater people who either treated her as a child or as an adult far beyond her seventeen years.

What she wanted was girl friends to share happy secrets with, to have pajama parties, to go down to the drugstore with her friends, laughing and talking all the way. And a boy all of her own, someone to walk with in the cool, dark evenings, someone to have fun with, and to like.

Not far from where she lay was a crowd of young boys and girls having a picnic. They were roasting hot dogs and singing camping songs. When it grew dark they formed a circle, and each boy had his own girl. Over her radio came a soft, tender love song, and she heard a boy's whisper and a girl's soft laughter. Suddenly she felt a quick stab of envy and she buried her face in her arms and kept repeating to herself, "I don't care; why should I? I have so much more than they have; I am famous." But even as she told herself these things, the tears came. She lay there and cried for the youth she never had, cried because she was lonely and had so much and yet so little.

When finally there were no more tears she took her things and went slowly away from the dark sea to the noisy, glittering section of New York called Broadway.

As she passed the other teen-agers she

heard a girl say, "I saw Vivien Lucas last night and she is too wonderful for words. Gee! I wish I was her. She's got everything."

"Yes, everything," said Vivien Lucas to herself, mockingly.

SYLVIA CHEAURE (age 16) Garfield, New Jersey

My Family

Nonfiction Award

The house in which my family lives is very pretty under the shade of trees.

After a busy day when we all come together a lot of laughter fills the house. Mama and Papa are very funny. We have never seen them talking seriously. They talk their serious things when we are not home. They like to make jokes and to laugh so we children really do not know what unhappiness is. Let me introduce the members of my family to you. Papa is a little sweet man with shining black eyes. He has a belief that the blue stone which he keeps in his pocket brings him good luck. Although he is a judge he cannot decide who is guilty when we three children quarrel with each other. He likes to sleep very much. Therefore, it is difficult for him to get up at 8:30 in order to go to his office in time. He loves children but the naughty children in the neighborhood pick his flowers without taking permission from him. Mama is a blond, green-eyed woman. She is also a good cook. She is interested in history. When she takes a walk she brings many strange pieces of stones and puts them into her fossil collection.

I have a thirteen-year-old trouble-making sister. She likes cats very much. She does not sleep without Mercan (it is our cat). On her face and hands there are many scars because she hurts Mercan's tail while playing with it.

My ten-year-old brother looks like Papa and likes to play tricks on me. He has stocking trouble. He cannot wear a pair of stockings more than three days. If he does, his red heel will come out. He had not such a trouble before Grandmother had died, but now, very often he wears unmeddled stockings. He is the happiest one of the family. He says, "I have cried twice in my life." But Mother says, "He used to cry every morning when he was very young."

I am fifteen years old and the busiest one of the family. My head is full of daydreaming which will never come true. Therefore, I am so absent-minded that Papa usually teases me by saying, "She is the philosopher of the future."

ULKER HAMZADI (age 15) Ankara, Turkey



PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:
JOANNE LEARY (age 14) East Haven, Connecticut

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Success or Failure

Fiction Award

All the world was silently waiting. In the heavens the stars shone brightly. Each little star marked a new world. Was it a world like ours, a world of war, conflict, and hate? The flickering stars acted like beckoning lights. It seemed to John, as he slowly walked along the dark street, that up in the heavens the moon was waiting too. But waiting for what? Was the moon waiting for that small bullet-shaped rocket ship to reach its lunar craters, to rest on its sides of green cheese? Or was it waiting to see the frail silver missile, guided by a group of the world's greatest scientists, dart forth from the earth and then explode in space like a shooting star, its pieces scattering down through the depth of space? Yes, what was the moon waiting for?

John thought, this is the year 1973. The world is temporarily at peace after years of fighting. But the conflict still showed on the people's faces. The strain of war was great. No nation can stand under its strain after a great number of years. Old Mother Earth seemed to be battered and war-scarred. Scientists, statesmen, and great rulers were looking for a way to permanently end war. Would they find that way? Was space the answer?

Perhaps this year would start a new era of space travel. But men had been wishing this for years. Ever since the first guided missile had been invented, and with the coming of atomic power, their hopes were renewed. But, then again, perhaps it would not start a new age. For John remembered the other groups of scientists from all nations of the world who had started out for that man in the moon, the same moon that lovers gaze so fondly on. But, they had failed. The years, months, and weeks it had taken them to build each shining ship. Yet, man did not know enough to harness the powers of nature, and he had failed again. Even the minds of great scientists could not explain their mistakes, and some would never explain.

Yes, that great deepness of space had taken many lives and would take more. But, as long as it was there, men would keep trying. Those little bright spots in a clear sky seemed to draw men like magnets. The same stars that the ancient Greeks called their gods.

John recalled when he had first heard of this attempt to reach the moon. The papers had called it all a big fake. The others had failed, these would also. The papers did not mention the scientific reasons. Well, the world would soon know. The seconds were ticking away. The hourglass was running out of sand. In a few minutes John would hear a great blast from the man-made rocket. The atomic power would lift the rocket off the ground, he hoped. Yes, the world was silently praying. In every country of the world, people thought, will they succeed?

Suddenly a great blast knocked John off his feet and sent him sprawling across the ground. He looked upward, toward the sky, seeing a golden-red flash speed upward and upward until it was only one of the many stars in the sky. They were gone. The world no longer waited. Some of the people stopped laughing. Their only thought was, will they reach the moon? The place that scientists had been looking at for centuries through telescopes? What was it like up there? Would man ever know? John again looked long and hard at the blackness of the night, and said slowly to himself, "Will they succeed? Do you know?"

SHIRLEY ANN CUPP (age 14) Temple City, California
(Continued on page 62)

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**Spending
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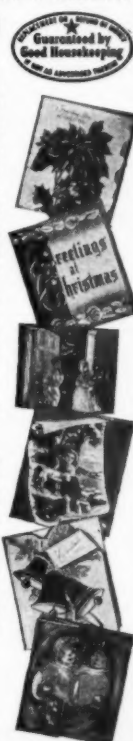
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is homework your hoodoo?



by DAGNY TINKEY

Drawing by Clayton Ghiozzay

DOES WORRY OVER lessons tag you around like a bothersome spook? Do you wonder how you can ever find time for fun after school and get your work done too? Try making a home-study plan and sticking to it. Here are a few hints to help you:

1. Get your family to co-operate. If you have a specified time each day for homework, your mother will help to see that you are not disturbed. Only remember, it isn't fair to pick the period when you know you are expected to do dishes. You have to co-operate with your family, too. Discuss the problem with Mother and Dad—they want you to do well in school.

2. Find out what time of day you think most clearly. If you are the night-owl type—wide awake at curfew—perhaps you should do your schoolwork after dinner. But should you belong to the chicken tribe—drowsy at sundown—you'll do your best at rooster-crowing dawn. Once you have chosen your study hour, stick to it. Work is much easier when you make it a daily habit.

3. Have a "study center" at home where you keep pens, pencils, ink, paper, your dictionary, and anything else you need in lesson preparation. Your center need not be a room with a desk of your own; that isn't possible for everybody. A dresser drawer or a neatly arranged storage chest in your room will serve the purpose. A card table, which you can unfold and place where you want it, is also a help. The idea is to have things handy, and so avoid spending half your working time looking for a good place to write, or a pencil that has skeddaddled.

4. Do your work where there is good light without glare, and turn your back to the lamp or window so the rays shine over your left shoulder, if possible. Eyes

treated with consideration won't tire as quickly.

5. Before digging into work, look over the chapter you covered yesterday, or the new algebra rule you've just learned. This quickie review will make your work simpler, and it will help sharpen your memory for Q Day (Quiz Day).

6. Do your toughest assignment first, before you begin panting.

7. Give a little extra attention to the subject you "just hate!" Outside reading can do a lot to help you like it better. Supposing geography is your "pet bore"—then find a good storybook having as its background the country you are studying. Several generations of young people have learned about Switzerland by reading "Heidi." You can unearth lots of true and intriguing facts about the people in your history books. Did you know, for instance, that Paul Revere had sixteen children, that he made cannon and paper money for Washington, and that he made every bolt and nail that went into the famous ship "Old Ironsides"? Doesn't the discovery of facts like these change history from a dry-date session to a pep class? And you can do the same sort of thing for your other school subjects.

8. Know when to stop work. When your head whirls and you find yourself reading the same sentence over and over, rest five minutes and try again. Changing to another subject may also be good medicine. When you are really tired, not just wanting a change, stop working.

9. Remember that studying half an hour each day does more good than cramming madly before examinations.

10. Keep your school tasks up-to-date and that Homework Hoodoo will have to stop his haunting. Like all ghosts, he appears only to those who are afraid of him.

THE END

By You

(Continued from page 61)

Spring

Nonfiction Award

As I write this I am sitting on a mossy bank near a small stream, waiting for our school bus. It is beautiful here—a place where I invite no one, but go by myself whenever I feel downhearted or blue. It never fails to bring me joy, comfort, and peacefulness. It is the heart of nature's woodland.

The sky is blue and cloudless, the birds sing in the trees overhead. Warbling, shrilling, crying! You would have to have a heart of stone not to feel the beauty. A squirrel sits a short distance from me, eyeing me curiously with big bright eyes, his bushy tail swaying to and fro in the breeze. The leaves are beginning to come forth on the trees and the pin cherry trees are in full bloom. At my feet the stream gurgles and bubbles, rippling along to a river. A frog is croaking not far away. As I sit here a snake slithers down the opposite bank and disappears beneath the sparkling surface.

I have waited here at all seasons of the year and never at any other time is the beauty as rich and wonderful as in spring. In the summer things are hot and dry. In winter things are cold and aloof. In fall everything is getting ready for a long winter sleep. But in spring everything is wide awake from its long sleep. New little babies of all kinds roam the woodlands. The spring smells are wafted to you on the gentle breeze, fresh as only things can be after a spring shower. It relaxes you in spite of yourself. It creeps up and enfolds you in the folds of its beauty and stillness and wonder.

How can I put across to you who read this the beauty of this place? The closeness to nature I feel here? It is the fulfillment of all things. A few moments of peace which repays for life's struggle a hundred times. The fresh breeze lifts my hair and ripples through it like tender, gentle hands. It touches my face with its silkiness, fragrant with the scent of fresh grass and flowers.

Beauty! On this riverbank in spring as nowhere else. Nothing man ever made is, to me, as beautiful.

A mother deer and her fawn come out to nibble the fresh grass. I have tried to make friends with her but she is timid, a shy woodland creature with wondrous soft, brown eyes. She pays no attention to me as long as I make no effort to touch her and even wanders quite close to me. But if I move, she is gone, with that smooth gliding action which makes you wonder if they ever touch earth at all.

A partridge pounds in the woods behind me and a hawk soars overhead looking for food.

As I sit here I hear the bus coming. The doe also hears it for she nudges her fawn and vanishes swiftly and softly like a shadow over the soft grass and into the bushes. Her white tail seems to wave farewell as she disappears.

As I rise, the birds still sing and the frog still croaks. But I have a feeling of contentment, a feeling I can take whatever comes.

As I get on the bus, I can't help wondering if anyone who may read this would feel what I have written. Spring is beautiful, is it not?

PHYLLIS OLSON (age 15) Warrens, Wisconsin

The Swampland

Poetry Award

*Whippoorwill calling through swampland
—erie! lonesome!*

*A haunting sound like the cry of a French
mother*

*calling her child who has strayed into this
dark, desolate fairyland . . .*

*—yet hollow like the mirthless laughter
of one*

*for whom life holds nothing but child-
hood dreams.*

*Piercing wails of the panther—coming
closer—making*

one shudder and grow sick at heart.

*Silver streams of moonlight sifting
through moss-*

covered cypress along bayou banks—

*Casting shadows, ghostly shadows, on still
water.*

*A canoe gliding—swiftly—down the
stream*

*Noiseless save for the slight swish swish
of the paddle*

hurrying the passenger toward his destiny.

*One man—a Creole—sitting staunchly,
Rowing unceasingly—seemingly unafraid.*

*Ignorant of perils—always present like
evil demons*

waiting—in bewitching silence.

Ignorant, unafraid, at home.

MILDRED BELGARD (age 17) Tioga, Louisiana

One Night at the Opera

Fiction Award

Josephine is my steady girl. On clear cool nights we have our special dates. Now tonight, for an example, we are planning to attend an opera. I'll tell you something about the opera as we go along. There's the bell now. Josey's waiting. I'll just brush my coat, fix my hat and away we'll go. Josephine always looks nice. My, what a beautiful coat she has.

The Opera House is just around the corner, and tonight Josey and I have special choice of the box seats. The same usual crowd is here and we're all happy to be together once again. Now the opera begins. Our operas are sort of peculiar, as we sing them ourselves. First the Blue Danube Waltz; then we'll try something more daring. As we're about in the middle of the song called "Figaro," something strikes us from behind! Gosh, it feels like a rock.

Then a voice calls out, "Henry, Henry, it's those alley cats again!" Now I ask you, isn't she silly, calling us alley cats, when we're opera cats? Well, I suppose I'd better rescue Josey in her lovely cat coat, and head home to the garbage can.

DONNA WHITE (age 14) Clarion, Pennsylvania

Dangerous Criminal

Nonfiction Award

Wanted: Four-and-a-half-year-old black springer spaniel that answers to the name of Patches, alias Patchie, alias Patch-a-pup, alias Puppy, alias Pug-dog.

Description: Nineteen inches at the shoul-

der, plump of build with innocent brown eyes, long flopping ears, barely any tail, naturally curly hair, and all black except for white markings on her chin, throat, chest, and right hind foot.

List of crimes: STEALING a girl's heart, THROWING MUD all over herself by crawling through drain pipes, ROBBING a chicken of a whole bag of chicken feed, ASSAULT of garbage cans and trash containers, ABDUCTING an old tennis ball, ESCAPING from Kennel State Pen, and MURDERING IN COLD BLOOD three muskrats, one raccoon, two chipmunks, three birds, and countless other unfortunate victims.

Warning: Is armed with a caressing pink tongue and may be dangerous!

CAROLYN FERGUS (age 12) Columbus, Ohio

Death in the Mountains

Fiction Award

"I'm gonna get Big Jim if it takes all my life!" vowed Cab Scott to his wife at supper one stormy night in the fall. "That's the third calf o' our'n that he's stole in the past month. I'll get him if it takes my life and then some!"

Big Jim was not aware that he was being discussed; and even if he had been, it is doubtful that he would have cared. He was making his way up the side of a steep mountain and much too busy with his own thoughts to bother with anyone or anything else. To Big Jim, Big Jim was the only creature on the face of the earth that mattered.

He grunted. It was rough going up this side of this mountain. There were many twists in the trail that he had not remembered. It was too dark to see well now, and Jim's feet slipped on unseen rocks and plunged into hidden holes from which they had to be painfully wrenched.

Big Jim was past his prime—not really old yet—just past his prime. He would not live much longer. This thought was pleasing to him. He was tired of the ways of the earth. The fight for survival was not worth while anymore. There was hardly anything worth living for with the coming of other beings to what he had considered his own private world . . . the place over which he had ruled for so long. He had descended to share his place with the creatures of nature. After all, many of them had been there before he.

He was near his destination now; only a few hundred yards ahead was the cave . . . his cave. He could not see it, but the instinct developed by many years in the woods told him it was there.

At last he was in the cave. Nothing had changed. No living thing had desecrated the place which he had long considered his shrine.

After a thorough check of the cave, he curled up and went to sleep. He slept soundly and was not aware of the storm that had blown up. The wind lashed madly at the ledge above the cave. It loosened, it crashed down, covering the mouth of the cave. Still Big Jim did not waken. He would never wake again.

It was a year later. Cab Scott and his wife were again seated at their supper table. The night was stormy. It reminded Martha Scott of that night nearly a year ago. She sat musing awhile. Then, she spoke.

"Member that bear last year? He never made off with another one of our calves, did he? Wonder what happened to him."

"Yeah, I remember him. Big Jim, I think we called him. Dunno what happened to him. Guess we never will."

BARBARA WALLIS (age 16) Hansville, Washington

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A Summer's Day

Nonfiction Award

I am walking along the street, aimlessly kicking stray pebbles into the grass. It is a beautiful day, a lazy day, just the sort of day one would pick to wander aimlessly about. The sky is a cloudless azure blue. The sun is shining, the birds are singing, the children are playing in the street, an eager mass of life.

I hear the raucous voices of mothers calling to their kids or gossiping with the lady next door; the grown-up, self-important voices of the little girls wheeling their baby carriages; and the happy shouts of the boys playing baseball. All join in a vague and distant blur of sound that seems to harmonize with the beauty of the day . . . and I keep on kicking pebbles and humming tunelessly to myself, not doing anything in particular, just kicking pebbles . . .

PEARL FRIEDMAN (age 13) Brooklyn, New York

The Phone Call

Fiction Award

Dinah reached quickly for the receiver, then changed her mind. She stood hesitantly near the telephone, a passionately miserable look on her face. Twice more she reached for the phone, and twice more she resolutely jerked her hand back. Her dark eyes flashed angrily as her thoughts tumbled on:

Why should I call her, why doesn't she call me once in a while? Why do I always ask her to do things with me? I don't know why I hang around with her anyhow; starting tomorrow, I won't, and I won't call her now either. There are plenty of other girls. Only I don't like them half so well. No, and they never hurt me like she does. Why does she make me so unhappy? Maybe it amuses her? This time I'll make her unhappy; this time she can call me and wonder why I didn't bother with her. I won't call her, I won't, I won't, I won't.

She picked up the receiver and dialed Lynn's number.

GAIL SMYTHE (age 15) Mattapoisett, Massachusetts

Adolescence

Poetry Award

If growing up means
that I can never again
hold out my tongue
and try to catch a wandering snow-
flake;

If it means
ceasing to pull the petals
from a flower
to determine whether or not
"he loves me";

If it means
always resisting the temptation
to slide on a piece
of glassy, frozen ice;

If it means
forgetting forever
the thrill of swinging
high up over an apple tree
in a back yard

Then I think
I shall always be a child.

SHARON SOULES (age 14) Westfield, New Jersey

HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Charla Beth Miller (age 11) Grandfield, Okla.;
Joyce Hay (age 16) North Liberty, Ind.
POETRY: Johnnye Chandler (age 15) Kent, Tex.;
Marjorie Brad (age 17) Joakumi, Tex.
FICTION: Claudia Goldman (age 12) Chicago, Ill.;
Patsy Hoffman (age 13) Bethel, Pa.
NONFICTION: Ann Dougherty (age 13) Philadel-
phia, Pa.; Carol Brand (age 15) Mt. Sinai,
N. Y.; Catherine E. Fals (age 12) Kiel, Wis.
PHOTOGRAPHY: Barbara Williams (age 11) Middle-
town, R. I.; Margaret Hula (age 14) Medford,
Okla.; Barbara Ann Schaffner (age 13)
Shamrock, Tex.

Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. Only original material, never before published anywhere, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawing or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

Short Stories: Any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Not over 800 words.

Poems: Any subject—two to twenty-five lines.

Nonfiction: Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words. Suggested for January, 1953—"Off to a Fresh Start."

Drawings: Any subject. Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5"x7". WARNING: Wrap carefully!

Photographs: Any subject. Black-and-white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" by 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

RULES

1. Entries for the January, 1953 issue must be mailed on or before October 1, 1952. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.

2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written: The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.
The number of words in the piece submitted.
The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

"I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these.

Send Entries to "By You" Dept. Editor

The American Girl Magazine
155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.

Wonderful View

Poetry Award

Down at the end of the shady river road
There stands a huge old willow tree,
Sometime when you're dressed in farm
clothes

Climb up in that willow and see—
Oh, what a view!

The wheat in our neighbor's field
Is just turning a golden yellow,
The apples on my brother's tree
Are ripe, red, and very mellow—
How good!

MARY STRAWN (age 11) Garrison, Iowa

Our School Fire

Nonfiction Award

On Friday morning, March 21, I had an experience which I shall never forget.

At 6:40 I awoke hearing the fire alarm. Dad and I found the location of the fire to be near the school. I ran to the window and saw a yellow column of smoke rising from the midst of our village, Skaneateles.

As soon as Dad saw it, he said that he would take us to the fire. My sister, Dad, and I dressed and hurried to the place where it was.

To our dismay we found it was the school, enveloped by a heavy cloud of smoke.

I hurried to the back of the building where the entire central section was a seething mass of flames. Everyone knew that the school could not be saved. In the science room there was nothing but flames, and we thought of the poor fish and the chemicals now on fire.

Through the windows all you could see was a thick, solid wall of burning flames. Soon the roof caved in, bringing heavy timbers to the ground. The charred window cases were covered with ashes. The two wings soon caught fire and their roofs caved in also.

Everyone was thankful that no one was in the big, brick building. Two hours later and we would have been in that blazing furnace.

We all remembered the valuable school records which could not yet be reached and all the trophies which we knew were lost.

So far the new, expensive band uniforms, other band equipment, and some athletic equipment, had been saved. Someone knew of fourteen band instruments that were lying under two charred floors.

By 8:30 A.M. the central section was completely destroyed. The firemen from our village and other neighboring villages were pouring twelve streams of water through the broken windows. Two of the hoses concentrated on the safe, through broken windows.

Soon the wings also were only gutted sections. The grounds were a sea of sticky mud.

At noon, the smoldering ruins were hard to look on. We knew that our classes would have to be held in churches and other public buildings for about two years.

Yes, it was a horrible experience.

KATHIE DELAVAN (age 14) Skaneateles, New York
THE END

We regret that the First Art Award on page 20 of the July, 1952, issue was incorrectly credited. This interesting drawing was done by Robin Hubert (age 14) of Meridian, Mississippi.

SPEAKING OF MOVIES



SON OF PALEFACE—Combine the talents of Bob Hope, Jane Russell, Roy Rogers (and Trigger) and you come up with one of the zaniest pictures of the year. Hope, the Harvard-graduate son of a famous Indian fighter, goes West to claim his father's legendary fortune. The fun never lets up from the minute he arrives in Sawbuck Falls in a crimson automobile, flaunting a big Harvard pennant. It is a Technicolor production, with good musical numbers. (Paramount)

IT GROWS ON TREES—The quiet life of Polly and Phil Baxter (Irene Dunne and Dean Jagger) is shattered when two of their trees suddenly sprout five and ten dollar bills. The Treasury Department, the Department of Agriculture, the Internal Revenue Bureau involve each other. Newspapers, thieves, lovers, and cranks get into the act. The consequences are hilarious, but the suspense is terrible, before things are cleared up—or are they? You'll have to decide. (Univ-int'l)



THE MERRY WIDOW—The romance, gay intrigue, and haunting music of Franz Lehar's famous operetta, plus some lovely dance numbers, make this Technicolor production an enjoyable picture. Lana Turner is the wealthy young American widow who, visiting the mythical, bankrupt kingdom of Marshovia, pretends to be a showgirl; Una Merkel is her equally mischievous companion. The role of Count Danilo is played by the Argentine star, Fernando Lamas. (M-G-M)

FEARLESS FAGAN—When a young circus performer (Carleton Carpenter) is called to the Army, he smuggles his pet lion into camp with him. The lion, "Fearless Fagan," is really tame and likes people. But naturally the other recruits don't know that, and the confusion and excitement when Fagan tries to join his master on maneuvers offer laughs galore. Janet Leigh plays the singer who both hinders and helps Carpenter. The plot is based on a true story. (M-G-M)



by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK

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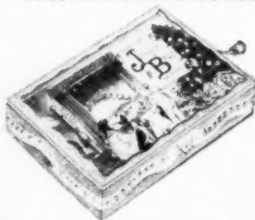




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Television: A Career? (Continued from page 17)

control, diction, and delivery.

8. SPECIAL EVENTS OR SPORTS DIRECTOR: Must have a nose for news of the feature type, and dramatic and technical know-how for presenting it visually.

9. ANNOUNCER: Qualifications include more than pleasing voice and appearance. Must be extremely well-informed, poised, and gracious.

"Of all these jobs, I suppose the Director of Women's Activities is the best suited to women," Alice remarked.

"Right," Mr. Brown agreed. "But there are many women staff writers, too. As for the other jobs on the list, women are in the minority now, but the very fact that even today there are a few women program directors, art and music directors, indicates that the jobs are open to them. Now, concerning the production side of TV, let's see—there's the *camera operator*, who needs to have a thorough knowledge of photography, including such processes as lens adjustment; and the *lighting operator*, who must know the principles of illumination from A to Z; and the *microphone boom operator*, who is responsible for setting microphones in the proper places for best reception; and . . ."

"Whoa!" Alice interrupted with a laugh. "You're going much too fast for me. These jobs sound very technical. Do women really handle them?"

"Only in rare cases so far," Mr. Brown agreed.

Alice noted this in her book. "But aren't there any production jobs that would be attractive to women? For instance, I have a friend who's interested in costume and make-up."

"Then she might like to be a *make-up artist*, who is responsible for make-up equipment and for applying it on performers. Possibly working in a studio costume department would appeal to her, too. A girl with sound library training could make a place for herself as a *research librarian*. Her job would include checking details of set and script for accuracy, and calls for an excellent memory and plenty of resourcefulness. Studios have *film librarians*, too who stock, store, and catalogue all films used.

"I saw a lot of interesting sets back there in the studio," Alice said. "Can you tell me something about set designing?"

"First of all, it's quite a creative job," Mr. Brown explained. "The *set designer* readies the studio for any and all types of presentations. This may mean designing and making furniture, assembling props, marking off entrance and exit spots. A background in interior decoration, photography, and color values are musts. A liberal amount of imagination is a prime qualification for a job as *visual-effect operator*, who has the job of dressing up a program's introduction."

Alice frowned. "What do you mean by that?"

"Well, the title screen, for example, that introduces a newscast can set the mood of the program with a photomontage of news events. For a musical program she might create impressionistic scenes that interpret the music in pictures to be flashed on the screen. As you can see, this is highly creative work that requires artistic background and skilled craftsmanship. The *sound-effects operator* has to have a keen ear for sounds and an absolutely perfect sense of timing."

"Wheel!" Alice exclaimed. "There's cer-

tainly a wide variety of things to do in production."

"Here's one more for your list," Mr. Brown added. "*Film editor*. She's responsible for the cutting and editing of films shown on the screen. It's a specialized job, of course. A film editor must also have a keen dramatic sense and an ability to work at top speed.

"Don't forget to mention to your classmates that there is another group of specialists in the television field whose jobs are concerned with seeing that programs produced in the station are received properly in your home. This group included the *chief engineer*, the *master-control engineer*, the *transmission engineer*, and *maintenance crews*. I won't go into detail, because I doubt that many girls would want to tackle the years of study in electrical engineering that are necessary for this kind of work.

"I guess we've pretty well covered the jobs which are unique in television," Uncle Jim continued. "But there are many other departments in a television station vitally important to the industry."

As her uncle went on to explain, Alice scribbled rapidly in her notebook.

Sales department—concerned with selling station time to sponsors . . . Research—assembles data about audience reaction to program . . . Sales-promotion personnel—handles station's advertising . . . Public-relations department—publicizes station's accomplishments . . . Administrative branch, headed by station manager—co-ordinates work of all departments.

Alice wriggled her cramped writing hand, looked back over her notes and said: "Now for the sixty-four-dollar question, Uncle Jim. How do we go about getting a job in TV?"

Mr. Brown grinned. "Well, in looking over the types of jobs available, I think you'll see that each calls for training in a particular field, plus a specialized knowledge of television techniques. More and more colleges and universities are adding courses in these TV techniques to their curriculums, but the industry is still so new that a good many of these techniques will have to be learned on the job. In large stations all the specialists we've mentioned have assistants and secretaries. It is in these assisting jobs that you young people will find your chance to get into the field. Typing and shorthand, therefore, will be an asset to any girl. Whether or not you want to continue as a secretary, it will serve as a steppingstone to better things. Although the art and music directors, for instance, may hire assistants because of their talent and knowledge in a special field, the young artist or musician who can type is the one most apt to get the job. And, of course, working in a small station before tackling a big one is the best possible experience."

"What about salaries?" Alice asked next.

"Generally, in the local studios, they are low, simply because the work is attractive to so many people. Pay for clerical help is lower than in a law office, for example. Young assistants in writing, programing, and technical departments average somewhat less than apprentices in most kinds of business. Of course, highly skilled people in any phase of TV can command very good salaries indeed. How the salary picture will shape up in years to come nobody knows, but the excitement and satisfaction of growing with

HOW MRS. D.* SOLVED HER BIGGEST PROBLEM

*Mrs. J. D., Baltimore, Md.

LOOK AT THIS ELMIRA AD, DARLING. IT SAYS YOU CAN MAKE EXTRA MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME—JUST SELLING ELMIRA GREETING CARDS AND GIFTS TO YOUR NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS.

WHY NOT LOOK INTO IT, JANE? YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE.

YES, AND IT'S SO CONVENIENT TO SHOP AT HOME. PUT ME DOWN FOR 100 CHRISTMAS CARDS—IMPRINTED—SOME MONOGRAMMED STATIONERY AND YOUR NAPKINS. DO STOP AT MY SISTER'S, SHE NEEDS GIFT WRAPPING PAPER.

THEY'RE REALLY GRAND VALUES, MRS. BROWN.

JIM: WELL, DARLING, THANKS TO YOU AND ELMIRA, WE HAVE \$3000 LEFT OVER AFTER PAYING ALL THE BILLS.

JANE: AND, WHAT FUN! NOW I'M GOING TO RECOMMEND TO THE LADIES' AID THAT WE SELL ELMIRA THINGS TO RAISE MONEY FOR THE HOSPITAL.

WHY DON'T YOU EARN EXTRA MONEY THIS EASY, PLEASANT ELMIRA WAY?

It's the nice way to make extra income in your spare time. Everybody buys the exquisite new 1952 Elmira Christmas line—with 5 fast selling personalized styles, all-occasion cards, gift wrappings, gift items, name imprinted or monogrammed stationery, napkins, imprinted match books, children's books, etc. High quality. Low cost. Save friends, neighbors time and money. Start making extra cash at once—with no investment, no previous experience. We supply everything—FREE SAMPLES, money-making kit, BONUS, MONEY SAVING OFFERS, assortments on APPROVAL. PROMPT SERVICE ensures recommendation to others.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

INVESTIGATE ELMIRA CHURCH-CLUB FUND RAISING PLAN WRITE TO PEGGY WHITE, DEPT. 66, ELMIRA GREETING CARD CO.

ELMIRA GREETING CARD CO.

Elmira C-31, New York

Send me full details, samples, profit and bonus plan and assortments on approval.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



A SMART COOKIE, I..

EARNED \$50.00 THIS EASY WAY



Free TRIAL OFFER

Write TODAY for this big FREE trial selling kit. NO OBLIGATION. Examine this and if you don't agree making the proposition you've ever had, return the kit within 10 days at our expense.

I'm hep to what makes a teen-ager's life more tolerable—EXTRA CASH—and it's so easy to earn on your own! Simply show these "dreamy" W & S Christmas Cards to friends and neighbors—they sell on sight! You make up to 100% profit!

The two feature 21 card assortments are masterpieces of originality and quality! Dozens of other \$1 assortments, gifts, EXCLUSIVE gift wraps, everyday assortments, stationery, imprint notes—114 big sellers in all!

W & S EXCLUSIVE imprint cards—priced at 50 for \$1 up—36 smart, exclusive designs! Deluxe line features steel engravings. Business cards too.

4 COLOR CATALOG
SALES HELPS

WRITE TODAY!

WETMORE & SUGDEN, INC.
DEPT. 21-G
749 MONROE AVE., Rochester 2, N. Y.

Make Extra Money EXCITING NEW
DAY-GLO CHRISTMAS CARDS

Sell newest, most daring idea in years! Nothing like them... everyone buys on sight! Exciting new line 21-card beautiful Christmas Assortments... Religious, Humorous, Gift Wraps, also Stationery. Name PLUS CHRISTMAS CARDS with Name Imprinted—40 for \$1.00! Rush name for FREE SAMPLES Personal Cards sent on approval. Write Arrow Greetings, 515 4th Ave. S., Dept. T-36, Minneapolis, Minn.

AT LAST! SOMETHING NEW and SENSATIONAL in CHRISTMAS SELLERS

Amazing New Decorations light up Christmas Trees, Windows, Mantels, like magic—sell like magic. 24 for \$1.25. Pay giant cash profits! Make up to 50c on \$1 Christmas Card Assortments. Big Line. FREE Samples 30 lovely embossed Name Imprinted Christmas Cards—50 for \$1.25 up. Matches, Stationery, Gifts. Several \$1 boxes on Approval. Write PURO GREETINGS, 2801 Locust, Dept. 21-L, St. Louis 3, Mo.

MAKE EXTRA MONEY—

FREE SAMPLES
Name Imprinted Christmas Cards and Stationery
FOR YOURSELF OR CLUB
Experience unnecessary. Sell America's leading Christmas Assortments. 100 Boxes bring \$50 Profit! Samples on approval. Unusual fast-selling Everyday Assortments, Gifts, Wrappings, etc. Amazing EXTRA BONUS PLAN. Write today.
LORAIN ART STUDIOS
Dept. DS-23, Vermilion, Ohio

FREE PHOTO
LARGE SIZE OF YOUR FAVORITE **MOVIE STAR**
(DELUXE TYPE—Suitable for Framing)
SPECIAL OFFER—FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY
With Photo you will also receive FREE CATALOG listing ALL stars plus 14 ADDITIONAL PICTURES of popular stars on cover. Also tells how to use ADDRESSES, BIRTHDAYS, and photos of "STAR" HOMES. Send name of your favorite star and only 15c for handling.
HOLLYWOOD FILM STAR CENTER
Box 2309, Dept. W-9, Hollywood 28, Calif.

SELL XMAS CARDS NOW!
Make to 100% Profit. 21 Card Feature Boxes, Religious, Novelty, Plastic, Humorous, Gift Wrappings, Personalized lines. Write for Bargain Offer & Sample Folders.
S. H. Greeting Cards, 177 William St., N. Y. 38, N. Y.

Let a New Southern Beauty



Show Charming SOUTHERN Christmas Cards
The 1952 Southern Beauty Christmas Card Assortment actually sells itself! This box of 21 big new Christmas Cards is just \$1. Each fast sale pays you up to 50c profit; \$50 on only 100 boxes! You make extra profits with other quick-selling Assortments and Imprinted Christmas Cards.
SOUTHERN BEAUTY 21-Card Christmas Assortment—\$1

Wouldn't You Like Earnings Like These?

M.B., Ohio **E.F.B., Kans.**
\$1,088.31 **\$365.10**
A Tennessee group—\$988.00
Let the SOUTHERN PLAN make money for you or your organization. Send today for FREE Imprint Sample and Assortments on Approval!
***Kitty Mason, Dealer Counsellor**
NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED
SEND FOR SAMPLES NOW!

Professional Model
SOUTHERN GREETING CARD CO.
216 S. Pauline St., Dept. M-5, Memphis 4, Tenn.
Please send me full facts on your plan. Include FREE Imprint Samples and Assortments on approval.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....
☐ Include organization plan.
Organization Name

the industry makes TV worth-while to many young people. Now, any more questions?"

"Just one," Alice said. "You haven't mentioned the people who are on television—the actors and other performers."

"Obviously, there is room on television for more different kinds of talent than on radio—dancers, acrobats, jugglers, magicians, puppeteers, cartoonists. TV uses almost every kind of visual entertainment. Do you see the possibilities?"

"Yes, indeed," said Alice. "But exactly how do these people get on television?"

"Frankly, Alice, there is no short cut to top billing on TV, any more than there has ever been a short cut to success on the stage, screen, or radio. Television is an expensive medium, and sponsors are looking for top-name talent. Think of your feminine stars of network shows—Faye Emerson, Gracie Allen, Imogene Coca, Marie Wilson, Dorothy Kilgallen, Lucille Ball, Peggy Wood—all of them have had years of stage, screen, or radio experience behind them.

"Newcomers must get their experience on local shows first. Of all the programs on the three TV stations in this city, for example, I think of only one performer who had not previously had extensive radio or stage experience behind her—or him. The exception I think of was a very successful model who had exceptional beauty, poise, and stage presence. She sold the studio on a program of charm and beauty tips and demonstrations."

"That sounds pretty discouraging," Alice said.

"I don't want to sound discouraging," Mr. Brown replied, "but there is plenty of competition in this field. If you aspire to television as a career, you must work hard to develop your particular talent. Look around for every possible opportunity to perform in public—at school, church, and club affairs. Hard work, enthusiasm, eagerness to learn—that's a pretty good formula to follow, Alice."

"Hard work, enthusiasm, eagerness to learn," Alice wrote in her notebook, underlining each word several times.

"This has been wonderful, Uncle Jim," she said as she snapped a rubber band around her notebook and rose to go. "Thanks so much."

On her way out Alice peeked into the studio for a last look. Now the actors were in their places on the set, cameras were ready, and lights adjusted. The air was hushed, full of tension and anticipation as the crack team of technical experts and creative artists waited for the signal to begin a performance in the new, dazzling branch of show business: Television. THE END

**Answer to the
PUZZLE
on page 59**

A RIDDLE OF "OZ"

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| 1. Dozen | 11. Unionize |
| 2. Snooze | 12. Oyez! |
| 3. Bronze | 13. Localize |
| 4. Horizon | 14. Ozone |
| 5. Cozy | 15. Topaz |
| 6. Memorize | 16. Ooze |
| 7. Daze | 17. Apologize |
| 8. Frozen | 18. Terrorize |
| 9. Colonize | 19. Recognize |
| 10. Oxidize | 20. Idolize |

WHERE TO BUY AMERICAN GIRL FASHIONS

Cover Coat

Buffalo, N. Y. J. N. Adam & Co.
Chicago, Ill. Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Detroit, Mich. Demery's, Inc.
Indianapolis, Ind. The Wm. H. Block Co.
Kansas City, Mo. Macy's, Kansas City
Newark, N. J. L. Bamberger & Co.
Glens Falls, N. Y. The Children's Store
Hartford, Conn. G. Fox & Co.
New York, N. Y. Macy's, New York
Rochester, N. Y. National Clothing Co.
St. Louis, Mo. Stix, Baer & Fuller
Syracuse, N. Y. Flah & Co., Inc.
Youngstown, Ohio. Strauss Hirshberg

Prize Purchase Suit, Page 23

Albany, N. Y. Wonder Shop
Arlington, Va. Jerry's Kiddie Center
Asbury Park, N. J. Golden Rule Kiddie Shop
Bloomfield, N. J. Green's
Bridgeport, Conn. Arcade Kiddie Shop
Buffalo, N. Y. The Sample, Inc.
Chester, Pa. Joel's Youth Centre
Framingham, Mass. Tots 'n' Teens
Great Neck, L. I. Petite Shop
Hartford, Conn. Youth Centre
Holyoke, Mass. Youth Centre
Kenosha, Wis. Morrison's
Kingston, N. Y. London's Youth Centre
Louisville, Ky. Tots and Teens
Lynn, Mass. Youth World
Manchester, N. H. Bon Ton Kiddie Shop
New Haven, Conn. Eli Moore, Inc.
New London, Conn. Juvenile Shoppe
Norfolk, Va. Rice's Fashion Center
Passaic, N. J. Amick's
Pawtucket, R. I. Robert's Children's Shop
Perth Amboy, N. J. Youth Fashion Shop
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Harry's Youth Taggery
Rahway, N. J. Marks Harris
Richmond, Ind. Little Miss Richmond
River Edge, N. J. S. G. Apparel Center
Roanoke, Va. Kunn's Apparel
Sheboygan, Wis. Little Folks Shop
Springfield, Mass. Youth Centre
Stamford, Conn. Greenbergs
Waterbury, Conn. Engelman's
Westfield, N. J. Young Folks Taggery
White Plains, N. Y. Brother & Sister Shop
Woonsocket, R. I. Robert's Children's Shop
Stride Through Winter, pages 24-25
Scher & Feldman Coat

Amarillo, Tex. White and Kirk
Chattanooga, Tenn. Miller Bros. Co.
Memphis, Tenn. Cinderella Shop
New York, N. Y. Saks-34th St.
Steubenville, Ohio. The Hub
Trenton, N. J. Nevius-Voorhees
Dubrowsky & Joseph Coat

Boston, Mass. Conrad & Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y. Abraham & Straus
Canton, Ohio. Stern & Mann
Cleveland, Ohio. Halle Bros.
New Rochelle, N. Y. Weber's Girls Shop
Passaic, N. J. Wechsler's
Philadelphia, Pa. Blum Store
Pittsburgh, Pa. Kaufmann's
Stamford, Conn. Millers Lilliputian Shop
Wilmington, Del. Teen Towne

Little Empress Coat

Akron, Ohio. Polsky's of Akron
Atlanta, Ga. Davison Paxson Co.
Birmingham, Ala. Vaughan-Weil
Boston, Mass. Filene's
Denver, Colo. The May Co.
Ft. Worth, Tex. Stripling's
Memphis, Tenn. J. Goldsmith & Sons
Roanoke, Va. Heironimus
Savannah, Ga. Levy's of Savannah, Inc.

Richard Englander Set

Atlanta, Ga. Rich's, Inc.
Chicago, Ill. Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Denver, Colo. Denver Dry Goods Co.
New Orleans, La. D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.

Jantzen Anklet

Cleveland, Ohio. Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
Seattle, Wash. The Bon Marche
Ben Berchman Pin Set and Necklace
Chattanooga, Tenn. Miller Bros. Co.
Houston, Tex. Foley's
Jackson, Miss. R. E. Kennington Co.
Montclair, N. J. Hahne & Co.

Newark, N. J. Hahne & Co.
New York, N. Y. B. Altman
Philadelphia, Pa. Gimbel Bros.
Tulsa, Okla. Brown-Dunkin Co.

Wear Right's Glove

Athens, Ohio. Logan's
Chicago, Ill. The Fair
Indianapolis, Ind. L. S. Ayres & Co.
Los Angeles, Cal. The May Co.
New York, N. Y. Bloomingdale's
Oak Park, Ill. The Fair
Washington, D. C. Woodward and Lothrop

Youthmade Bag

Brooklyn, N. Y. Abraham & Straus
New York, N. Y. Lord & Taylor
Richmond, Va. Miller & Rhoades
Philadelphia, Pa. John Wanamaker
American Girl Shoe, page 24

Atlanta, Ga. Rich's, Inc.
Boston, Mass. Jordan Marsh
Indianapolis, Ind. L. S. Ayres & Co.
Los Angeles, Cal. Bullock's, Downtown
New York, N. Y. Bloomingdale's
Pittsburgh, Pa. Kaufmann's

Fairway Middy

Brooklyn, N. Y. Abraham & Straus
Cleveland, Ohio. The Halle Bros. Co.
Philadelphia, Pa. Bonwit Teller & Co.
San Francisco, Cal. Joseph Magnin Co.
American Girl Shoe, page 25

Boston, Mass. Jordan Marsh Co.
Indianapolis, Ind. L. S. Ayres & Co.
Los Angeles, Cal. Eullock's, Downtown
New York, N. Y. Bloomingdale's
Richmond, Va. Thalheimer's
Around the Clock Separates, Pages 26-27

Semiteen Outfit, page 26

Baltimore, Md. Stewart and Co.
Boston, Mass. Filene's
Cleveland, Ohio. Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
Columbus, Ohio. Morehouse-Fashion
Dayton, Ohio. The Elder & Johnston Co.
Detroit, Mich. Crowley's
Ft. Worth, Tex. Monnig's
Minneapolis, Minn. Power's Dry Goods
New York, N. Y. Stern Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa. Gimbel Bros.
Waterloo, Iowa. Black's

Nancy Wheeling Outfit

Albany, N. Y. Litt's Folks Shop
Asbury Park, N. J. Steinbach Co.
Dayton, Ohio. Rike-Kumler
Detroit, Mich. Hudson's
Elmira, N. Y. Tots and Teens
Ft. Wayne, Ind. Wolf & Dessauer
Lewiston, Pa. Danks & Co.
Lima, Ohio. The Leader
Milwaukee, Wis. Smartwear-Emma Lange, Inc.
Nashville, Tenn. Youth Shop
Norfolk, Va. L. Snyder
Red Bank, N. J. Steinbach Co.
Sheboygan, Wis. Little Folks Shop
Washington, D. C. Woodward & Lothrop
Youngstown, Ohio. Strauss Hirshberg
Semiteen Outfit, page 27

Boston, Mass. Filene's
Cleveland, Ohio. Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
Columbus, Ohio. Morehouse-Fashion
Dayton, Ohio. The Elder & Johnston Co.
Detroit, Mich. Crowley's
Ft. Worth, Tex. Monnig Dry Goods
Minneapolis, Minn. Powers Dry Goods
New Orleans, La. D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
New York, N. Y. Stern Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa. Gimbel Bros.
Syracuse, N. Y. E. W. Edwards & Son
Waterloo, Iowa. Black's

Fairway Outfit

Boston, Mass. R. H. Stearns Co.
Cleveland, Ohio. The Halle Bros. Co.
Detroit, Mich. The Ernst Kern Co.
Philadelphia, Pa. John Wanamaker
Washington, D. C. Woodward & Lothrop
Dell Tween Outfit

Albuquerque, N. Mex. Kistler-Collister
Cleveland, Ohio. The Halle Bros. Co.
Detroit, Mich. Hudson's
Kalamazoo, Mich. Aunt Katie's Shoppe
New York, N. Y. Gimbel's
Philadelphia, Pa. John Wanamaker
Tampa, Fla. O. Falk's
Winston Salem, N. C. The Anchor Co., Inc.

300 STAMPS 10¢
FOR ONLY

THIS MAMMOTH VALUE INCLUDES STAMPS WORTH UP TO 25¢! ALSO APPROVALS. WRITE TODAY!

MYSTIC STAMP CO., Camden 70, New York

307 ALL DIFFERENT 15c

A beautiful collection of commemoratives, triangles, high values, bi-colored stamps, etc. Only 15c.

GARCELON STAMP CO., Box 407, Calais, Maine

GIVEN! Powerful Magnifying Glass

and Big Bargain Lists to new customers for 5¢ postage and handling.

Jamestown Stamp Co., Dept. 212, Jamestown, N.Y.

200 Different Stamps 5¢
Including P. D. Triangle
Only 5¢ to 10¢ National Postage
Which Stamp Co. Dept. 1, THE NEWELL MASS.

CANADIAN COLLECTION GIVEN

Includes early Victorian Issues-Jubilee Issues-High Values-Commemoratives-Special Issues-Newfoundland and many Pictorials, etc., etc., together with large Philatelic Magazine-all GIVEN! Send 5¢ for postage. EMPIRE STAMP CO., Dept. AG, Toronto, Canada.

SNAKES
Rhinceros, Giant, Pygmy, Emu, Kangaroos, Koalas, Kookaburras and other Serpents. Includes 5¢ to 10¢ National Postage. Which Stamp Co. Dept. 1, THE NEWELL MASS.

GIVEN! "THE STAMP FINDER"
Tells at a glance the country to which any stamp belongs. 32 pages illustrated. Includes valuable "Stamp Collector's Dictionary," "Stamp Treasures and World's Ten Rarest Stamps." Also Approvals. GARCELON STAMP CO., Box 1107, Calais, Me.

RAYMAX, 68-G Nassau St., New York 38, N. Y.

WOW! 203 All Different 10c
GERMANY
Zeppelins, Semipostals, Airmails, High Values, etc., in new album.
Jamestown Stamp Co., Dept. 522, Jamestown, N.Y.

What Are "Approvals"?

"Approvals," or "approval sheets," mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. The only obligation on the part of the recipient of "Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly and in good condition, or paid for.

The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street, address, City, postal zone number, State, and the invoice number.

USE THIS HANDY FORM TO ORDER AMERICAN GIRL PATTERNS

Check pattern number and size and enclose correct amount (in coin) for each pattern.

FEATURED ON PAGE 28

- ☐ 4826-Skirt and Petticoat
Sizes ☐ Small ☐ Medium
(24-26) (28-30)
- ☐ 4612-Dress with Large Pockets
Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16
- ☐ 9387-Skirt and Weskit
Sizes ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ 18
- ☐ 9176-Dress with Mandarin Collar
Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17
enclose \$..... for patterns checked above

Be sure to enclose correct amount for each pattern ordered (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage.

Name..... (Please Print)

Address.....

City and State..... (Please Indicate Zone No.)

MAIL TO: THE AMERICAN GIRL
Pattern Department
155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

OUT OF PLACE

A traveler was being driven across an especially barren and desolate stretch of western desert when a strange bird flew across in front of the car.

"That is a bird of paradise," the driver told him.

"Pretty long ways from home, isn't he?" remarked the traveler.

Sent by JANET SVRCEK, Crosby, Texas

WORN DOWN

After two hours of steady talking, the political candidate was beginning to sound rather hoarse.

A father in the audience whispered to his little boy, "Are you listening? What do you think of him?"

To which the little boy replied sleepily, "I think he needs a new needle."

Sent by GAIL LEVENSON, Bay Shore, New York

CREPT UP ON THEM

A teacher received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils: "Please excuse Laura for being late this morning. Nine o'clock came sooner than we expected."

Sent by MARGARET SWIFT, Haig, Nebraska

SMART SUBTRACTION

DORA: What is it from which you can take the whole and still have some left?

DICK: I give up.

DORA: Wholesome.

Sent by DARLENE WHITE, Abilene, Texas

NOTHING TO RAVE ABOUT

The lady tourist clasped her hands in ecstasy. "Isn't this just the most heavenly scenery you've ever seen!" she cried.

"What's wonderful about it?" grumbled her tired husband. "Take away those mountains and that river and lake and forest, and what've you got?"

Sent by MUNNI NAGAR, Banaras, India

READY TO OBLIGE

The clerk had pulled down blanket after blanket, until only one was left on the shelf. Then the customer remarked sweetly, "I really don't want to buy today. I am only looking for a friend."

"Well, madam," sighed the clerk, "I'll be glad to take down that last one if you think she's in it."

Sent by PEGGY DAVIS, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

MISUNDERSTANDING

Little Kathy had heard a good deal about her cousin Peter, whom she had never seen, and was greatly excited when told he was coming for a visit.

But when the cousin arrived Kathy took one look at him and burst into tears. "I thought," she sobbed, "that Peter was a rabbit!"

Sent by MARILYN SPELMAN, Pacoiman, California

Jokes

YOU'LL BE SORRY

When it was rumored that Roy Rogers was going to sell Trigger he received thousands of letters of protest. Among them was this one from a seven-year-old boy:

"I have always played cowboys and I have always played you. But if you sell Trigger, I'll play Gene Autry!"

Sent by CLARE PRYBAL, Chicago, Illinois

HE OUGHT TO KNOW

A bus driver was filling out a report form on a highway breakdown of his bus. When he came to the question: "Disposition of Passengers?" he wrote: "Mad as hornets!"

Sent by NOLA BROZYNA, West De Pere, Wisconsin

FRIENDLY CLOCK

MOTHER: Is the hall clock running, Billy?
BILLY: No, Mother. It's standing still and wagging its tail.

Sent by SHIRLEY KEPHART, Ceres, California

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

A mother boarded a bus with three very small children. She found a seat for the

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.



"This is Jimmie's birthday present. He starts shaving this year."

smallest one next to a nun. The youngster studied the sister without speaking for several minutes, but soon was chatting happily with her.

When they reached their destination the mother thanked the nun for her patience, and said she hoped the little boy had not been a nuisance.

"Not at all," the nun assured her. Then she whispered, "And please don't tell him that I'm really not a penguin!"

Sent by SHERRY MOHR, Seward, Nebraska

MIND YOUR MANNERS

TEACHER: What is wrong with this sentence: The gander and the goose is going through the gate?

TOMMY: The lady ought to go first.
Sent by BENNIE DALE REDDING, Quitaque, Texas

NO COMMON FOLK

PRISCILLA: My family can trace its ancestry back to William the Conqueror.

BON: I suppose you'll be telling me next your ancestors were in the ark with Noah.

PRISCILLA: Certainly not! They had a boat of their own.

Sent by MARY HOWARD, Jacksonville, Florida

TRULY ORIGINAL

Whatever troubles Adam had in bygone days of yore, None could say, when he cracked a joke "I've heard that one before!"

Sent by PAT PATTERSON, Jackson, Tennessee

THAT'S A HELP

Advice in a folder put out by a maker of household appliances:

"Make sure your kitchen range is level. If it is not, foods cooked in the oven will not burn as evenly as they should."

Sent by VIRGINIA CROW, Paxton, Nebraska

CREAM OF THE CROP

Perhaps you think these jokes are bad, But you'd quickly change your views

If you compared the jokes we print with the ones we never use!

Sent by MARILYN KILBURN, Penns Grove, New Jersey

GREAT DISCOVERY

A little city boy on his first visit to the old family farm came upon several empty milk bottles in the grass.

He rushed back to the house and burst excitedly into the kitchen. "Grandma!" he yelled. "Come quick. I just found a cow's nest!"

Sent by JANICE SAITO, Aiea, Hawaii
THE END



"Sure feels good
to have money
of your own!"

You Too, Can Make Extra Money
with **ARTISTIC CHRISTMAS CARDS!**

Extra money of your own buys new clothes, Christmas gifts, Defense Bonds—almost anything you could think of or want! You can very quickly and easily make the money you need. It's fun! *Thousands of girls like you have done it the easy Artistic way!* You make up to 100% cash profit selling America's most beautiful Christmas Cards in spare time. You need no experience. Just call on folks you know.

READ WHAT OTHERS SAY

J.H.W., Alabama: "I have frequently made \$25 and \$30 in one day and made many friends."

L.M., Illinois: "I have sold several boxes to each person I have called on."

A.B., Ohio: "In a very short time, sold over \$350 worth of cards without scarcely any effort."

Artistic Card Co., Inc.

942 Way Street, Elmira, New York

Brand new Assortment of 21 large, lovely Christmas Cards sells itself at only \$1. Make \$50 on just 100 boxes. Personalized Christmas Cards low as \$1 per box, Humorous Cards, Gift Wrappings, Winter White, Hi-Style, Personalized Stationery, others. **ACT NOW!**

**MAKE MONEY FOR YOUR
CLUB OR GROUP**

Easy to make hundreds of dollars with the proven Artistic plan. Just check coupon when you send for your samples.

**SEND NO MONEY
MAIL COUPON FOR
SAMPLES NOW!**

No experience needed. Start earning at once with Assortments on approval and Personalized Samples **FREE**. Mail Coupon **AT ONCE!**

**GOLDEN CHIMES
Christmas Asst.**

21 Cards \$1



**EMBOSSED
NAME-IMPRINTED
Christmas Cards
\$1 Per Box**

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.

942 Way St., Elmira, New York

YES! Please send full facts on your earning plan. Include Assortments **ON APPROVAL** and **FREE** Personalized Samples.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ Check here if for an organization.



There's nothing like giving folks what they want

Among things *expected* at a picnic
is ice-cold Coca-Cola. Good way to take
Coke along is in the picnic cooler.
Good way to buy it for picnics is by the case.



"COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK.

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